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A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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ELDORADO.

BY EREN E. HENFORD.

The waves, with a passionate murmur,
Break on the heathland gray,
And whisper a story of summer
In an island far away.
A beautiful island, lying
Out in the stormless sea;
The land of a poet's fancy,
Where the vanished wait for me.
They tell me of blossoms blushing
Under the kiss of June,
For there it is always summer,
And "always afternoon."
The hours pass like a fancy,
And leave no sting behind;
And you gather the great sweet roses,
And never a thorn you find.
Oh, waves, in your whispered story
There is something strangely sweet,
I have dreamed of the land where autumn
Ne'er follows the summer's feet.
I sigh for a sky unclouded,
And a day untouched by care;
And I know, from the tale you tell me,
That no sorrow enters there.
Oh, dreamed-of Eldorado,
Long sought, but never found!
The blue skies smile above you,
And the blue waves gird you round!
I fancy I hear the carol
Of your silver-throated birds,
And the chords of my heart are ringing
With a song too sweet for words.
Oh, the lost dreams of my childhood,
And the sweet hopes that are dead!
They are waiting for me yonder,
So the whispering waves have said.
I dream in the sunset's glory
As a thousand times before,
Of my heart's far Eldorado,
Beyond me evermore.

FERGUS FEARNAGHT; OR, Our New York Boys.

A STORY OF THE BY-WAYS AND THOROUGHFARES.

BY GEORGE L. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "FALSE FACES," "ROLL, THE
RECKLESS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII. THE LAWYER'S VISIT.

THE lawyer took a keen and comprehensive survey of the features of the boy and girl as they stood side by side before him. "Not the slightest resemblance between them, not the faintest shadow of a family likeness there," he told himself. "They are as unlike as chalk and cheese. The boy is a waif, undoubtedly, who has found shelter here. Now for a little judicious cross-examining to elicit the truth."

Fleda looked at the meditative lawyer in a very unfriendly manner. "Who is he, and what does he want here?" she asked Fergus.

"He's a lawyer, and he wants me," was the reply. Fleda started back in alarm.

"A lawyer, oh my!" she exclaimed. Pickles smiled grimly upon her. "Don't be frightened, my little chickabiddy; I don't bite," he said.

"Oh! what does he want here? has he come to take you away?" cried Fleda, clinging apprehensively to Fergus.

"He'll get his head punched if he tries any tricks on me!" exclaimed Fergus; and he clenched his fists and looked defiantly at the little lawyer.

"Dear me—dear me!" how dreadfully pugnacious you are, Fergus the Fearnaght," said Pickles, in an oily and deprecating manner. "I have come here in a most friendly spirit, entirely for your good—en-tire-ly. Just listen to me, my brave boy, and answer to the best of your knowledge and ability a few questions that I am about to put you, and it may be the best thing that ever happened to you—the very best—the very best."

Pickles had a habit of dwelling upon the last few words of a sentence in what he considered to be an impressive manner. Most men have their little peculiarities, and Pickles was not an exception to the rule.

Fergus surveyed him doubtfully. This vague announcement of future good did not have a dazzling effect upon his mind. Fleda shared in his doubts of the little lawyer's friendliness.

"Don't you tell him anything, Fergus!" she cried, in her sharp way. "I don't mean to," answered Fergus, promptly.

Pickles coughed in a dissatisfied manner at this unpromising commencement. "Dear me—dear me! how suspicious you two youngsters are. Ah! that's a bad trait!" he said, shaking his head in a mildly reproving manner. "What says the poet—"

"Suspicion! 'tis an earth-engendered monster. We know it not in youth when we come freest from the hand of Heaven!"

Pickles delivered this quotation with great unction and considerable dramatic effect; then he shook his head again in a commiserating way. "Sad—sad—sad!" he exclaimed. "Wherefore this doubt of me, my fledgelings?"

"It's all gammon!" cried Fergus, derisively. "But you can't gammon us!" added Fleda, with decision. "What's all gammon?" demanded Pickles, quietly.

"You're up to some dodge!" replied Fergus, doggedly. "You'd better dodge out of this," added Fleda, who felt called upon to supplement every remark that Fergus made.



'They'll be swamped as sure as fate!' cried Fergus. 'Guess I'd better go for them.'

"What dodge?" asked Pickles, as unmovedly as before.

Both Fergus and Fleda were silent. Though they both suspected some sinister design in the lawyer's visit, they could not put their doubts into any tangible shape.

Pickles smiled benignantly upon them. "See there, now!" he said. "What's the dodge—where's the gammon—what is it? It has no more foundation than the baseless fabric of a vision! To this extent, no more—no—more—e!" Pickles rolled these two words over on his tongue, as if they tasted good, and he was loth to part with them. "Why these doubts of me, my infantile Solons?"

"You're a lawyer," replied Fergus, in a comprehensive manner, as if that was answer enough.

Pickles chuckled at this. He could appreciate a joke, even at his own expense. "Ah! and being a lawyer, you think I'm a kind of two-legged lion going about seeking for something to devour, eh? Ah! good—very good! But don't be alarmed; I do not seek to devour you."

"You couldn't if you did!" returned Fergus, defiantly.

"No, you couldn't devour either of us, if you are a lawyer!" cried Fleda, her fears vanishing before Fergus' courageous bearing, for courage is generally infectious.

"Don't be so vinegary, my nut-brown, black-eyed damsel," said Pickles, insinuatingly. "What a sharp little gipsy you are, to be sure—to be sure!"

"She's up to snuff, and so am I," rejoined Fergus, significantly.

"Ah, yes, undoubtedly," answered Pickles, with his oily chuckle. "Un-doubt-ed-ly! There needs no ghost come from the grave to tell us that! as the divine bard of Avon remarked. But, perhaps you never heard of him, eh? No, not very likely, I thought. You've been kind of knocking round the world, getting more kicks than pennies, ever since you can remember, eh, my bold Fergus?"

"I just have," replied the boy. "Umph—umph! I thought so. Had a pretty hard time of it, eh?" pursued Pickles, cunningly.

"Rough!" answered Fergus. "Ah! no friends to help you along?" "None but Fleda, here, and her mother."

"Fleda, eh? This is Fleda?" "It ain't anything else," exclaimed that vivacious young female.

"Ah! nice name—and a nice little girl." "She's A No. 1!" cried Fergus, enthusiastically.

"Looks like it," continued Pickles, nodding his head approvingly. "She and her mother have been good to you, eh?" "They just have! I don't know what I

should have done if it had not been for them."

"Ah, yes, I see; you were a stranger, and they took you in. Good, very good! Where did you come from?"

Fergus did not answer this question. Pickles played carelessly with his watch-chain, and scrutinized the boy covertly for a moment.

"Ah, you don't want to tell?" he continued, after a short silence.

"No," replied Fergus, decidedly.

"Why not?" inquired Pickles.

"Cause I don't!" rejoined Fergus, doggedly.

"Ah, a very good reason, but not sufficiently explicit. You must have some reason for being so close about yourself."

"Praps I have."

"What is it?"

"What's that to you?"

Pickles was by no means offended by this plump rejoinder.

"More than you may imagine, my bold Fergus," he answered. "I have taken quite an interest in you. I might give you a start in life that would send you a considerable distance on the high-road to fortune. I might put you in the way of earning your living a great deal easier than you do now."

"Oh, we are going to earn our own living!" cried Fleda, quickly. "All we want to start us is a dollar, and Fergus is going to borrow that from Clint."

Fergus put his hand over her mouth and stopped her.

"Hush up!" he exclaimed, vexedly. "What do you want to tell him that for?"

"Where's the harm?" sputtered Fleda, breaking away from him.

"You keep quiet!"

"I will," answered Fleda, submissively. She began to think that she had been rather too communicative. "But I didn't say nothing to hurt," she added, deprecatingly.

Pickles chuckled.

"Of course you didn't," he said; "on the contrary, what you have said will produce the capital you require to embark in the business you contemplate." He took out his pocket-book and selected a crisp one-dollar bill from its contents. "See here, now, Fergus, my boy; answer me half a dozen questions, to the best of your knowledge and belief, and I will give you this dollar."

Fergus' eyes glistened for a moment, but the next he shook his head, doggedly. Fleda trembled excitedly; the bribe appealed more strongly to her than to Fergus.

"Oh, take it—take it—it's just what we want!" she cried, eagerly. "If you haven't done any wrong, he can't do you any hurt."

"On the contrary, I might do you considerable good," urged Pickles, seeing that Fergus was irresolute. "Who knows but what I

might put you in the way of finding a rich father?"

Fergus' face flushed, and he quivered in every limb.

"A rich father!" he murmured, in pleasurable anticipation; and then his face clouded, and he shook his head gravely. "My father's dead," he said.

"How do you know he is?" questioned Pickles, artfully. "Did you see him die?"

"No."

"Then what makes you think that he is dead?"

Pickles looked disappointed.

"Ah! I didn't know but what he might have been known to you," he said, musingly. "You don't think *he* is my father?" cried Fergus, scornfully.

"Oh, no, no, no! certainly not—certainly not. To my certain knowledge he is a bachelor—has never been married, and, besides, he's rather young to be the father of so old a boy as you are. By the way, how old are you?"

"I don't know exactly; I suppose I'm about fifteen."

"Yes, yes, there or thereabouts, I should say, though there's no telling within a year or two; and when a youngster is thrown on his own resources, as you have been, his face gets older than his body. Do you know where you were born?"

"No."

"Have you any idea?"

Fergus shook his head.

"No; I can't tell you," he replied. "It seems to me, sometimes, that I was born here in New York, and then I think I must have been born up-country."

"Up-country, eh?"

"Yes."

"That's rather vague. How far up?"

"Never you mind; I'm not going to tell you that!" replied Fergus, in that dogged way that he was in the habit of assuming.

"Oh, come, come! a bargain's a bargain!" expostulated Pickles. "You've taken the money."

"You can take it back," answered Fergus, indifferently.

"No, he sha'n't!" cried Fleda. "He came from Rockland county, near the lake."

"You hush up!" exclaimed Fergus.

"For the Lord's sake, where's the harm?" remonstrated Fleda. "You think they'll come after you, but I tell you, as I have often told you before, that they won't—they are only too glad to have the boys run away—then the town don't have to support them any longer."

"Aha! so you were in the county poor-house, and they half-starved you until you ran away and came to New York, eh?" questioned Pickles.

"Lordee!" ejaculated Fleda, surprisedly, "but you *are* good at guessing."

"You're good at blabbing!" exclaimed Fergus. "It was easy enough for him to guess that after what you told him." He turned defiantly to Pickles, adding: "Now you know it, what are you going to do about it?"

Pickles chuckled in his customary manner. "Whatever I do will result in your good, my boy, you may be assured of that," he answered. "It may be that I shall find a father for you and a mother, too; and rich ones at that, for there's good blood in your veins, or I am very much mistaken. How long is it since you ran away from the poor-house?"

"Five years."

"And you came right down here?"

"Yes."

"How did you get here?"

"Worked my passage in a lumberschooner."

"How long have you lived with your little friend Fleda here?"

"Six months."

CHAPTER VIII.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE HUDSON.

AFTER due deliberation, and a consultation with Mrs. Nandrus, Fleda and Fergus invested the dollar received from Lawyer Pickles in peanuts, apples, cakes and candy, and the stand was established on the corner of Grand street, Fleda taking charge.

Her first customer was Ragged Terry, and he would have been her last, if she had accommodated his desire to purchase on "trust," for he would have eaten up her whole stock in trade on that condition.

The baffled pigmy called her a few names, and then went on a begging expedition. Having collected three cents from some tender-hearted person, whose sensibilities were overcome by the sight of his ragged wretchedness, he returned to Fleda's stand and triumphantly exhibited the pennies with this query:

"Ain't you sorry yer didn't trust me now?" "Not a bit of it," answered Fleda, promptly. "I don't intend to trust anybody. Do you want to spend your pennies?"

"Not with you?" "Well don't, if you don't want to." "I don't mean ter!" And Ragged Terry sauntered off to find some of his cronies to "pitch coppers" with. Fergus, not considering his presence necessary at the stand, after he had seen Fleda all prepared for business, went in quest of jobs, as was his custom.

The piers and ferries were his favorite resorts. The day became excessively sultry, not a breath of air appearing to fan the heated atmosphere of the city.

Fergus walked out to the verge of one of the piers, thinking some breeze might come from over the river.

He was furthermore attracted by a crowd of people there, and a steamboat, which appeared to depart on some pleasure excursion.

He arrived just in time to witness a ludicrous scene. The whistle sounded, and the plank leading to the pier was removed. The steamboat began to move slowly away.

Just then two men, who had been exchanging farewells with their friends in the bar of the boat—the heat of the day making cooling drinks particularly refreshing—hurried to the deck and attempted to regain the pier, but finding the plank gone they made desperate leaps, and both landed in the water.

This was a cooler moment than they had bargained for, but they made the best of it, and struck out manfully for the pier.

The wife of one of them—a plump young Irishwoman—was standing on the pier, and when she saw her husband plunge into the river she gave way to despair, and uttered an unearthly yell. Then she began to dance about the pier, screaming:

"Oh, he'll be drowned—my Jamie will be drowned—save him, for the love o' God!"

A number of the excursionists on the steamboat, attracted by this dismal howling and her wild antics, rushed to the side of the boat, and, as generally happens in such cases, burst into peals of jeering laughter.

But their mirth was very short-lived, for the railing and gate suddenly gave way, and half a dozen of the pleasure-seekers made involuntary dives into the water.

The laugh now came from the shore. The scene was very exciting, but intensely ludicrous, and Fergus laughed at it until the tears ran down his cheeks.

The course of the steamer was checked, the immersed excursionists were recovered, and the two men, who had caused all the trouble, were pulled safely up on the pier.

Nobody was hurt, though some were thoroughly ducked. The steamboat went on its course up the river—it was bound for Iona Island—and the throng upon the pier dispersed.

In five minutes Fergus found himself alone. He watched the steamboat until it was out of sight.

He walked back to the street and went along by the different piers until he came to the Atlanta boat club-house at the foot of Christopher street.

Here he went out to the end of the pier again. The day grew warmer and warmer. He wiped his sweaty forehead with the back of his right hand, removing his cap with his left and fanning himself with it.

"Jinks! but ain't it hot!" he muttered. "Hot's no word for it—it's a regular roaster—a scorcher!"

He looked across the Hudson to the Jersey hills. There were ominous clouds gathering over their peaks.

"Guess we'll have a storm," continued Fergus, as he observed these threatening clouds. "I was going into the club-house to ask Harry Newport to let me take a row in his little boat—he always does when I ask him. He says I row splendid, and he wonders where I learned. He don't know the fun I used to have on Rockland Lake. Guess 'tain't much use to go if there's going to be a storm. I don't want to get ducked!"

A low, moaning sound swept down the river, and the clouds advanced rapidly toward the sun.

"It's comin'!" cried Fergus. "Them chaps that's on the river had better come ashore lively. Hallo! what's that fellow tryin' to do! He can't row worth a cent, and the tide's dead ag'inst him!"

Fergus watched the boat that had attracted his attention eagerly. Its occupants—there were two—seemed unskillful in the use of the oar.

"By jinks!" cried Fergus, excitedly, "unless I'm very much mistaken, that's Clint Stuyvesant, and he's got a gal with him! Well, I never!"

At this moment a squall of wind went shrieking down the river, the sun disappeared, and the sky assumed a leaden hue. The before smooth surface of the river was suddenly broken into tumultuous waves.

The boat containing Clinton Stuyvesant and his companion was some half a mile from the pier, and drifting seaward, entirely at the mercy of the waves.

"They'll be swamped as sure as fate!" cried Fergus. "G-ess I'd better go for them."

In a moment he had divested himself of his cap, jacket and shoes—he did not wear any stockings—and the next he took a "header" from the end of the pier into the river.

His head rose above the waves, and shaking the water from his eyes like a water-dog, he began to swim with swift strokes toward the boat.

He had this advantage over the angry waves that the tide was in his favor, and carried him in the direction of the boat.

He swam steadily for five minutes, making the most encouraging progress, and then he raised his head as far as he could out of the water and shouted, in his shrillest tones:

"Stick to her, Clint, I'm comin'!"

"Good for you!" came back the answer, in tones that indicated Clinton Stuyvesant was by no means dismayed by the perilous position in which he had been placed by this sudden storm.

The rain now descended in torrents. The wind and the heavy sea rendered the little boat entirely unmanageable, the waves washing over it and threatening every moment to submerge it.

The presence of his girl companion rendered Clinton Stuyvesant's situation more trying, but she displayed an uncommon courage, bailing out the boat with an old tin dipper, and thus assisting him in keeping the frail craft afloat, while he toiled manfully at the oars.

But the boat drifted with the tide despite all Clinton's efforts. The swiftly-descending rain enveloped the surface of the water in a kind of misty shroud, the wind had lashed the waves into a fury, and the occupants of the boat seemed doomed to a watery grave.

But still Clinton tugged stoutly at the oars, and Fergus, braving the angry waves steadily, approached the boat.

As he came close to it the girl, with great presence of mind, threw him the tiller rope, Clinton rested on his oars, and Fergus clambered into the boat, sinking breathlessly upon the stern seat.

"Phew!" he panted, "that swim was a breather!" "Bully for you, Ferg; you're a trump!" cried Clinton.

"So's this girl!" rejoined Fergus. "She's awful spunky!"

"You bet she is!" answered Clinton, laughingly. "She is my sister Geraldine."

Fergus opened his eyes widely. "O—h!" ejaculated he; and then he added to himself below his breath, "But, ain't she nice?"

Geraldine, this is a bully boy, Fergus the Fearnought; he's just hunky-dory!" continued Clinton.

Geraldine's eyes lingered curiously for a moment on Fergus, and she seemed to be rather favorably impressed by his appearance, despite his poor attire.

"He's a brave boy," she said; "and I only hope he can get us ashore, for it's more than you can do, Clinton. Catch me coming out in a boat with you again!"

"This storm is more than I bargained for," replied Clinton; "we'd have been all right if it hadn't been for that."

"We're all right, anyway," cried Fergus. "Give me one of the oars, and I'll pull with you. We shall go ahead faster that way."

Clinton resigned one of the oars to Fergus and their united efforts soon had a decided effect upon the boat's course; it began to move toward the pier—slowly, it is true, but still its motion was apparent.

The storm, like most summer storms, was as short as it was violent. The wind and clouds passed onward to the bay, the rain ceased, and the blue sky and sun again appeared.

Fergus faced Geraldine, who had again taken her seat in the stern, as he rowed, and he studied her with considerable interest, comparing her with Fleda, who suffered somewhat by the comparison; the thought that this was a young lady, and the other only a poor girl, would obtrude itself upon his mind.

The poverty of his life had given the boy an exalted opinion of riches, as was but natural.

He also thought that Geraldine had a prettier face and figure than Fleda—her complexion was so much fairer, more delicate, and did not have that gipsy look that was so apparent in Fleda's. Her eyes and hair were black like Fleda's, but, somehow, he could not explain it, there was a different tint to them. Then Geraldine had small feet, encased in dainty boots, with dainty white hands, small and shapely, unstained by housework, like Fleda's; and she was so nicely dressed in a dark brown linen suit, quaintly embroidered with blue cord, and a chip hat, with a blue ribbon, though the suit and hat looked considerably the worse for the drenching they had received.

On the whole the opinion that Fergus formed of Geraldine Stuyvesant was decidedly a favorable one.

When the sun came out again his beams exerted a soothing influence on the agitated water; the rough waves subsided, and the surface of the river began to assume its customary smoothness. This accelerated the progress of the boat and rendered the task of rowing less arduous to the young oarsmen.

The pier was reached and here they found Harry Newport and another member of the boat-club waiting to assist them out of the boat.

"I thought this was Newport's boat," said Fergus.

"Yes, I took a walk down here with Geraldine to give her a row," answered Clinton.

"Well, you are safe out of it, which is more than I expected," cried Harry Newport, a bluff young Englishman, who had emigrated from the old country and established himself in New York some years previously.

"We can thank Fergus for that," cried Clinton.

"Yes, I saw him swimming toward you," responded Newport. "The young dog well deserves his name of Fearnought. He's a perfect dare-devil! But, come into the club-house and dry your clothes."

"We will; but I say, Ferg, run up the street and see if you can find a hack. Gerry and I are wet to the skin, and we'd better get home as soon as possible, and that's the easiest way to do it."

"That's so; but it will cost you a V," said Newport.

"Well, I've got it, and so hang the expense!" cried Clinton, in his careless way.

Newport laughed, exclaiming:

"You're one of the boys!"

"You bet I am! 'Go it while you're young,' because when you get old and decrepit your powers of locomotion will be seriously impaired. Eh! my bold Briton!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Newport again.

"You're just jolly!"

"He's a trump!" added Fergus. "I'll have a carriage here in a jiffy."

He resumed his cap, jacket and shoes, which he found in charge of Newport, and ran swiftly up the pier.

He hailed the first empty carriage which he saw and returned with it to the club-house.

Clinton assisted Geraldine into it, and then called upon Fergus to enter it also. The boy hung back.

"Oh, get in!" insisted Clinton.

"I don't look fit—I'm all wet," remonstrated Fergus.

"So am I! What's the odds! I want to take you home and give you another suit of clothes for these that you have spoiled—I've got lots of clothes at home that I shall never wear again. Hop in—don't be bashful!"

"I don't like—"

"You must like. Step lively!"

"You had better come," cried Geraldine, from within the carriage.

Thus urged, Fergus entered the carriage.

"All aboard!" exclaimed Clinton, quickly following him.

"Where to?" asked the driver, closing the carriage door.

Clinton gave him the direction, adding:

"And drive like blazes!"

The driver mounted his box, and the carriage rolled swiftly away. Fergus was amazed and delighted.

CHAPTER IX.

THE STUYVESANT MANSION.

For the first time in his life, or within his recollection, and it amounted to pretty much the same thing, Fergus was having a carriage ride, and he felt a glow of satisfaction over the reflection.

He congratulated himself on having made the acquaintance of this young sprig of the aristocracy, Clinton De Witt Stuyvesant.

"He's a young blood, and I'm bound to have lots of fun with him," he told himself, confidentially.

He and Clinton were quite chatty during the ride, though they had to exert their lungs considerably to make themselves heard above the din and rattle of the wheels of the carriage, for the driver was not neglectful of Clinton's admonition to drive "like blazes."

"I didn't expect to see you down at the Club House," said Fergus.

"Eh! why not?" rejoined Clinton.

"I didn't know you knew Harry Newport."

"Oh, yes; he gets his supplies for the club at father's store."

"Does your father keep a store?"

"Yes—an immense one—keeps ships' stores, and things of that sort, supplies vessels with everything they want. It's the firm of Yorke & Stuyvesant. Didn't you ever hear of them? Mr. Yorke is my mother's brother. He's a dignified gent, but very good-natured; and his wife—that's our aunt, you know—is just splendid—an angel without wings!"

"Oh, Clinton, how you do talk!" remonstrated Geraldine.

"Well, what's the use of a fellow having a tongue if he don't use it? I'm not so bashful as Ferg here."

Geraldine thought he was a very well-behaved boy considering his apparent poverty, but she did not express this opinion. She saw that Fergus was rather shy of her, and she did not wish to increase his embarrassment.

"I make a point of seeing all there is to be seen," Clinton rattled on.

"And nice scrapes your curiosity gets you into," said Geraldine.

"I don't mind; it's good fun getting in and out, and dad pays the damage."

"But he's getting tired of it."

"Pity for him, I'm not! Now, Ferg, there's one thing I haven't seen yet, and I'm told there is one in the city."

"What's that?" inquired Fergus.

"A Joss-house—do you know what that is?"

"Yes; that's where the Chinese pray. There's one in my street."

"The deuce you say!" exclaimed Clinton, excitedly. "Well, that's lucky! Did you never go into it?"

"Never."

"Didn't you never feel as if you'd like to, to see how the Pigtails do up their praying?"

"I never thought anything about it."

"Why, I'm told that Joss is an ugly idol—perfectly frightful! Don't you remember how Robinson Crusoe burned the Great Idol when he was traveling in China, or Tartary, or somewhere round there?"

Robinson Crusoe, who was he?"

This question greatly surprised Clinton.

"What! did you never read Robinson Crusoe?" he cried.

"No," replied Fergus.

"Well, my boy, then you've got a treat. Just pitch into him, and his man Friday, the first chance you get. By the way, I have got a copy laying around loose somewhere, and I'll hunt it up and give it to you. Some of the leaves may be missing, but there's enough left to give you the best of the story. But we must pay a visit to this Joss-house. Do you know just where it is?" he resumed, eagerly.

"Yes."

"And will you take a fellow?"

"Of course, if you want to go."

"Oh! Clinton, you must be careful," exclaimed Geraldine. "These Chinese might kill you!"

"Not a bit of it! they're as harmless as kittens. Are they not, Ferg?"

Fergus shook his head.

"They fight like cats and dogs among themselves, and cut each other with knives," he answered.

"There! what did I tell you?" exclaimed Geraldine.

"But I don't think they will trouble us," continued Fergus.

"There, Gerry, don't fret! How can you fix it, Ferg?" he added, eagerly.

It was very evident that Clinton Stuyvesant had set his heart upon penetrating the mysteries of the Chinese Joss-house.

"I know an old Chinaman, the one I buy my cigars of—he stands on Chatham street—and I guess he'll take us in."

"Take us in, and do for us, eh?" cried Clinton, laughing. "You bet he will! You just take me to him, and I'll buy so many of his cigars that he'll be willing to take us anywhere. Why, I'll buy his whole stock in trade, but I'll persuade him to show us the big Joss that these heathens pray to—poor, benighted cusses!"

"I think we can manage it."

"I know we can. What's his name?"

"Ping Loo."

"Well, Ping Loo, or Ling Poo, we'll fix him! So that's settled, and here we are. Say, Gerry, let's get in the house without letting mother see what a pickle we are in."

The carriage having stopped, the door was now opened by the driver, and the three alighted. The driver received his fare, remounted his box, and drove away.

Fergus looked at the house before which they were standing.

"Do you live here?" he asked Clinton.

"Yes, of course."

"By jinks! it's an elegant house!" exclaimed Fergus, admiringly.

"You bet it is; there's few left like it in New York. This house was built by my great-grandfather, Colonel Stuyvesant, nearly a hundred years ago."

Fergus stared at the massive brown-stone pillars and the steps, with crouching stone dogs on either side, and the round fountain behind the strong iron railing. The house had a majestic, though somewhat gloomy appearance.

"It's just splendid!" exclaimed Fergus, overcome by its grandeur.

"Wait till you see the inside," said Clinton.

"There's more stairs to get up and down than the nursery rhyme tells about. Now, Gerry, let's sly in. I've got my latch-key. You hurry up to your room and change, and I'll take Fergus up to mine. Come on."

He led the way up the massive stone steps and they followed him, but Fergus experienced an overpowering feeling of awe as he stood before the dark, solid-looking door, with its huge silver plate bearing, in German text, the name of STUYVESANT.

Clinton thrust his key into the key-hole, but before he could turn it the door opened and a richly-dressed and handsome lady appeared upon the threshold and exclaimed excitedly:

"Oh, my children! what has happened to you?"

Fergus turned to look down the steps, but Clinton caught him by the arm and held him.

"Hold on! what are you about? Don't run away!" he cried. "It's only mother. We went out on the river for a sail, and got ducked, mother," he explained to her, still grasping Fergus' arm and preventing him from going. "This boy helped us; Fergus Fearnought he's called—and it's a good name for him, because he don't scare worth a cent. Gerry will tell you how it happened. I'm go-

ing to take Ferg up to my room and give him a suit of my old clothes."

Mrs. Stuyvesant scrutinized Fergus keenly. "He looks as if he needed them," she said, in a kindly manner.

"You bet he does!"

"He has an honest face."

"Oh, yes, he's poor, but honest! Ain't you, Ferg?"

Thus appealed to he answered modestly:

"I try to be."

"Come, Geraldine, you must change your wet clothes as quickly as you can," said Mrs. Stuyvesant; and she added to her son: "You can take your young friend up to your room, Clinton."

Geraldine followed her mother, and Clinton dragged Fergus into the hall and closed the front door, which shut with a sullen clang.

Fergus felt a strange sense of oppression in his breast. It seemed that such a poor, friendless waif as he was had no right to intrude within that lordly mansion.

It was a strange, rambling old house, full of mysterious passages and odd-shaped rooms. The rooms on the lower floor were of great size and height.

Glancing through an open door in the front apartment Fergus was bewildered by its appearance, which was unlike that of any other room he had ever seen before.

The ceiling merely occupied a few feet around the walls, the center being an open space of oval shape, with a gallery running around on the second floor; and above this was a square space opening on the third floor, and surrounded by railings like the opening beneath.

Over all was a stained glass window in the roof, which shed a mellow light down through the different halls and galleries.

The strangeness of this appealed strongly to Fergus' mind, but he had only a momentary glance at it, being quickly summoned by Clinton to follow him.

Clinton did not ascend the main staircase, but passed through the tessellated hall and led the way up a smaller, narrower staircase in the rear.

This led them to the gallery surrounding the oval opening, and Fergus saw there were several doors there, leading, as he supposed, to as many chambers, and the top of the broad flight of stairs that led to the front door.

"We might have come up that way," he said.

"Of course," answered Clinton. "But I generally take the other, because it is nearer to the stairs that lead to my room. Come on. When we get on some dry clothes I'll show you all over the house. There's more ins and outs to it than you can imagine. Splendid place to play hide-and-seek in; Gerry and I used to have great fun when we were children. They don't build such houses nowadays."

"No, I guess not, for I never saw one like it before," replied Fergus.

"Kind of stylish, isn't it?"

"It's just immense!"

Clinton laughed.

"I thought it would kind of astonish you," he said. "Strangers always get lost in the passages. It bothers them which way to turn until they get used to the house. Come along."

Clinton opened a door, and instead of leading to a room, as Fergus had thought, it revealed another flight of stairs. Up these Clinton quickly mounted, and Fergus followed, with that amazed feeling that had seized upon him from the moment he had passed beneath the portal of the Stuyvesant Mansion.

This staircase conducted them to the gallery surrounding the square opening, and the huge skylight was now directly over their heads. They could not go any higher in this direction.

"Here we are!" cried Clinton, opening a door, and ushering Fergus into a room of ample size, and handsomely furnished. "This is my snugger. How do you like it?" he continued.

"It's splendid!" answered Fergus.

Everything was splendid in his eyes at that moment, for the poor boy's senses were completely dazed by the luxuriousness with which he found himself surrounded.

The apartment had two windows, and walking to one of them Fergus found that they looked down upon the avenue.

"This is a front room," he said.

"Of course it is," replied Clinton. "You don't suppose I would take a back room, do you, as many as I had to choose from? No, sir—I'm bound to have the best! How do you like the way I am fixed up here?"

"Splendid!" cried Fergus again.

This adjective was all his astonishment was capable of.

The apartment gave every indication of its occupant's taste and disposition. The various things that a spirited boy would be likely to fancy were scattered about the room in various places and positions. No attempt at order or regularity was perceptible. Articles were cast down here and there with the most careless indifference.

Disjointed fishing-poles, guns, pistols, masks, foils, boxing-gloves, Indian clubs, dumb-bells and base-ball bats were scattered promiscuously in the different corners.

Several highly-colored prints of the leading dancers of the Black Crook Ballet Troupe were tacked to the wall, interspersed with a pictured representation of a "rattling mill" between Tom Sayers and the Benecio Boy, the portraits of two celebrated race-horses, and a water-colored sketch of the New York Yacht Squadron under a heavy press of canvass off Sandy Hook.

Clinton went to a closet at the foot of the bed, opened it, and displayed a large number of garments within. There were coats, pants and vests of all shapes, hues and materials.

"Here you have them," he cried. "I'll pick you out a suit—a

ward if not fatal fall, by dropping his rifle in order to cling to the rope with both hands. As Sandoval hesitated whether to risk lowering the lad, Pablo let loose the rope and dropped lightly to the rock, securing his weapon. In another moment he was again slowly ascending the wall, but the time lost bade fair to prove fatal.

The buffalo-hunters, led by Black Garote, broke out into full view below, and with angry yells, began to ply their bows, the feathered shafts clinking venomously against the rock, more than one of them drawing blood as they cut through the young hunter's clothing. Fortunately the wounds were none of them more than skin deep, and he did not lose his hold upon the rope.

Don Leon worked as he had never worked before, and drawing Pablo over the ledge, forcibly held him down behind a boulder while hurriedly preparing his bow for a shot at the miscreants below. As he peered over the friendly rock an arrow whistled viciously past his face, grazing his ear, passing through his hair and then blunting its head against the wall beyond. Even this narrow escape was insufficient to unnerv the young man, and like an echo his bow-string twanged—a hoarse yell from the pocket below telling how true the shaft had sped. The next instant every living body had vanished from the dangerous spot below, seeking cover, only leaving the dying hunter lying there the fatal arrow quivering in his throat.

"Careful, Pablo," cautioned Sandoval, as the young hunter, grasping his rifle, sought to catch a glimpse of the enemy. "The odds are too great for us to run any unnecessary risk."

"Hallo, senores!" called forth a loud voice, coming from the pocket. "It seems we have made a mistake."

"Glad you have found it out so early," laughed Leon. "Your eyes will be opened wider yet before all's ended."

"Come," said the voice, sharply; "between gentlemen, such a tone is out of place. You seem to forget that you are in my power, and that I have only to speak for you to die the death of a dog."

"What do you want, Black Garote? Speak plainly—don't try to pass yourself off for other than you are, a cowardly, treacherous, half-bred cur," cried Pablo.

A howl of fury broke from the cibolero, and a dozen or more arrows were discharged, but the two friends, securely sheltered behind the boulder, could laugh at the spite displayed, as the weapons splintered against the rocks high above them. Pablo's hasty speech had another effect; it cut short the proposal Black Garote evidently intended to make.

A moment later a low whistle came from the mouth of the pocket, and in answer the buffalo-hunters adroitly stole down the defile, succeeding in passing beyond shot without once exposing their bodies to the aim of those above, greatly to Pablo's disgust.

"Look!" suddenly exclaimed Sandoval, pointing outward. "There's something fresh in the wind."

Above the tops of the undergrowth they could see two men rush out in the valley; one was plainly Black Garote, the other as clearly an Indian. The conference was a short one, and evidently of a friendly nature, for the savage turned and uttered a loud cry, in answer to which nearly a dozen savages rode forward and mingled with the buffalo-hunters as though friends of lifelong standing.

"That looks black for us," muttered Sandoval. "If they combine they can make this place hot for us."

"We can make a good fight here, even if they come over the hill after us. But—wait a moment."

Pablo crawled cautiously along the ledge toward a peculiar depression which his roving eyes had noticed, and in another moment he disappeared from view. Don Leon waited anxiously, particularly as he saw the enemy, now numbering over thirty, securing their horses and starting out as though to scale the rocks, but, just as he was about to follow him, Pablo returned.

"I hoped I'd found a way out, but there's a break in the path that only a bird could cross. Only if we'd known it before, we could have reached this place without using the lasso the second time. There's a hole opening out on the ledge below."

The plans of Black Garote were quickly revealed. First sending two of his best men into the pocket, to keep the young hunters from changing their position, he divided the remainder and took to the hills. It was only a question of time and patience. From among the high crags, arrows or other missiles could be hurled down almost perpendicularly upon the ledge, when escape would be impossible. The comrades realized this danger, but could see no method of guarding against it, after Pablo had narrowly escaped death from two arrows as he peered down into the pocket to see if that avenue of escape had been left unguarded.

Occasional glimpses could be caught of the climbing figures, but far beyond arrow flight. Truly the prospect looked dark.

Darker yet when two Indians reached a point on the opposite wall from whence they could send their arrows down to the ledge, giving the friends a foretaste of what was to come.

"We can hide from them, anyhow," said Pablo, creeping along the trail he had discovered.

As they disappeared the savages set up a loud, warning cry. From their position they could see that the wall was divided, and evidently believed that their quarry was seeking safety in flight.

Such, at least, was the interpretation placed upon it by Leon, and crouching down, he held Pablo still. The yells were answered back from a dozen points, as well as from the pocket below. Sandoval's eyes glared as he heard this.

"If they only expose themselves! We will risk it. Do you take the left-hand one—use your bow and remember that our lives may depend upon it."

Disconnected as were the words, Pablo understood them, and their weapons were ready as they crept through the hole in the rock and reached the lower ledge unseen. Believing the warning of the Indians, the two buffalo-hunters had arose and were now standing out in full view, eagerly listening for something more to guide them.

With one sound the bow-strings twanged, and the unnerving shafts sped home. Scarce waiting to note the result, Leon leaped his lasso around the rock's point and glided down just as the Indians above discovered the movement. But they were too late to remedy their mistake, though their yells told the others what was transpiring.

Rushing past the still writhing bodies of the hunters, the comrades dashed down the defile, and emerging from the pocket, quickly selected a horse each, then thundered down the valley, driving the others before them.

CHAPTER XVII. THROUGH THE NIGHT.

WHEN Black Garote let fall the tent flap, securely pinning it to the ground, and his captive found herself alone, she sunk to the ground with a shuddering sigh of terror, though intensely relieved by being freed from his odious presence. Truly her prospects were dark enough.

She and her brother were captives in the hands of one who knew not the meaning of mercy. The only friendly person who knew of her position had been—as she believed—murdered. She knew that the cibolero was desperate and brutal enough to carry out his threats of torture, unless she submitted to his will. What would be the end? The present was gloomy enough, but the future seemed even darker.

Her mind so sadly agitated, Rosina could not sleep, though her eyes had scarce closed in slumber since leaving the train so strangely. She covered down close to the side of the tent furthest from the entrance, dreading lest, at every moment, it should open to give admittance to the loathed and feared half-breed.

And, in addition to all this, her thoughts would dwell upon the probable fate of her other friends and kindred. Had they been overpowered and massacred by their ruthless enemy? Her father, mother, and—dearer even than those loved ones—Leon Sandoval. With a low, moaning cry of agony Rosina bowed her head and covered her eyes in the vain hope of shutting out the horrible picture that swam before them in blood-red outlines.

A faint sound startled her; a low, rustling noise that seemed to issue from the ground beside her. The old fear came back, and she noiselessly drew her limbs together, a hunted light filling her eyes. A tiny crack was now visible in the skin wall, momentarily growing larger, and every nerve tingled with horror as she believed that Black Garote was seeking an entrance.

Shrinking back, one hand fell upon a short, heavy stick of wood, and with a vague idea of self defense, Rosina grasped this weapon, raising it above her head.

The noise ceased. The triangular flap was cautiously raised and a moment later a dark figure crept into the lodge.

As the piece of skin fell back all was again dark. Yet, as though gifted with preternatural acute vision, the maiden could follow the phantom-like shape as it stealthily crawled toward the rude pallet of skins. She saw it pause beside the couch, raise one arm, then heard the peculiar sound as a knife was driven with venomous force down through the skins.

What followed Rosina could never tell with distinctness. She was only conscious of springing forward and striking at the shadow with all the power she could summon, the club falling from her hands with the force of the blow.

Then came the wild alarm, mingling with a shrill scream as the shadow sunk helplessly across the pallet, and filled with horror at what she had done, the maiden sprang through the opening in the rear of the tent and fled up the valley with a speed lent by fear, little dreaming how narrowly she had escaped meeting with her brother and Leon.

Once, indeed, she paused, but the chorus of wild yells, so shrill and unearthly, more like the cries of famished wild beasts than sounds proceeding from the throats of human beings, banished the hope almost as soon as conceived. She knew that the ciboleros had been attacked by Indians—enemies of hers, as well. Turning again she fled through the night, little heeding whither she went, only thinking of leaving those horrible sounds far behind her.

Unheeding the sharp rocks that cut through and through heroccasins, scarce feeling the painful bruises that followed her frequent stumbles over or collisions with the ragged boulders that lurked in the darkness, Rosina fled on as fast as her trembling limbs would carry her, avoiding the moonlight side of the valley lest it should betray her flight.

Once she stumbled over a boulder and fell with violence, her head striking against a rock with such force as to render her insensible. How long she lay in this state Rosina never knew, but when she awoke to consciousness a faint cry of horror broke from her lips, for she believed that all was lost—that her frantic struggle for freedom had come to naught.

Just within the edge of the shadows, yet clearly outlined against the bright moonlight beyond, were visible a number of men, who, with low, confused cries, were hastening directly toward the spot where she lay.

Ignorant that it was Black Garote's party in retreat before the Pawnees, rather than in pursuit of her, Rosina believed that she had been followed to this spot, and for the moment was utterly helpless. But then, as she recalled the terrible fate that awaited her were she recaptured by the brutal half-breed, her strength returned, and the maiden fled from the spot with speed lent by terror.

Fortunate was it for her that the buffalo-hunters had their hands full, their attention so entirely occupied by the Pawnees, else some one of their number would have caught sight of that fleeing form, have caught the sound of the hasty, incautious footsteps, over the rough, rock-strewn trail.

And then, driven on by a wild, unreasoning terror, the maiden fled along the valley, her limbs weak and trembling, her feet bruised and bleeding, seeing a threatening enemy in every shadow, in each startling, fantastic shape assumed by the bare, weather-beaten rocks.

Her brain throbbed painfully. A leaden weight seemed pressing down her eyelids. Almost unconsciously her pace slackened, and she deviated from a direct line, though still moving mechanically onward.

But as often, when it seemed as though she must sink to the ground, unable to crawl a single step further, would some sound—perhaps the distant howl of some prowling wolf, or the weird whispering of the night-winds through the ragged rocks and towering pinnacles—reawaken her terror, and almost feeling the terrible grasp of her enemy upon her shoulder, his hot breath upon her cheek, Rosina would resume her flight—on, on, through the night, over the rocks and boulders, on until the dull lethargy once more deadened the fancied sounds.

It was indeed a night of terror for the poor girl, none the less intense from its greatest perils being partly imaginary. Yet even terror at length ceased to have power to urge her on. Utterly exhausted, Rosina wearily looked around for some place of hiding.

Mechanically she left the valley and toiled up the hillside, looking for some hole, some crevice into which she might creep. Suddenly she came to the verge of what seemed a precipice. Her further progress in that direction was cut off. Wearily she sunk down upon the perilous verge—for the moment tempted to fling herself over into the black depth, as the easiest mode of escape from the perils that threatened. With this wild fancy she leaned forward and peered down the abyss.

Her weary eyes could not fathom the black

depths. Yet a little exclamation—a glad cry—broke from her lips, and firmly grasping a sturdy shrub, she lowered herself over the edge of the pit.

Even through the gloom Rosina had caught sight of a little niche, a cavity in the rock wall just beneath her, and she believed that here she could rest without fear, safe from discovery, however persistently the half-breed might search for his lost prey.

Sinking down in the little niche, resting against and upon the cool rock, Rosina was soon lost to consciousness. Yet despite—or possibly because of—her great fatigue, her rest was fitful, and broken by frequent starts and moans. Again she lived through the startling events of the past two days and nights; the savage attack, the mad race over the desert, the weary wandering, the strange meeting with the *tigero*, the treacherous conduct of the half-breed cibolero, together with the trials that followed; all were renewed in her slumbers—seeming even more distinct and realistic than in waking hours.

Then came the flight—so weary, so hopeless—over the rough and tangled trail, on through the night, while the dreaded half-breed thundered behind in close pursuit. The sound of his footsteps came nearer and nearer, growing more and more distinct. She could feel his hot, foul breath streaming across her neck—could hear his voice, no longer hoarse and deep, but shrill, vibrating, unearthly, ringing in her ears like the knell of fate. One more despairing effort—a last, futile struggle—then she felt his heavy hand closing upon her bosom, pressing her down, down, with resistless force. Vainly she struggled—the iron hand pressed her down until she gasped for breath—until it seemed as though life must go out beneath that terrible, crushing weight. And then—she awoke.

She saw that the night had passed, that the opposite hill-tops were illumined by the rays of the morning sun. She was still lying in the little niche. Was it—had it all been a dream? A faint sigh parted her lips—a sigh of relief, as she believed this. But—

Again that shrill, unearthly sound—once more that crushing weight! Ha! God of mercy!

A last, lance-shaped head suddenly reared itself before her eyes—a blood-red tongue darted rapidly in and out, playing before those brilliant, bead-like eyes—and the unearthly sound continued, now growing fainter and more soft, as the lance-shaped head gradually sunk down, as the evil eyes dulled and the red tongue played less nimbly, anon rising and swelling in volume until, to her particularly acute hearing the surrounding rocks seemed to tremble and quake as though shaken by a thunder-clap.

Then the weight seemed to gradually lift from her breast, that horrible sound to die away like the last breath of the mountain storm, mournful and indescribably sweet, leaving only the sense of vision behind. Before her widely-dilated eyes danced those terribly beautiful orbs, undergoing marvelous transformations with every movement. Now receding, floating afar off, showing like tiny specks, like the heated points of needles, yet wonderfully brilliant, small as they were, containing all the prismatic hues of the rainbow.

Again, they grew larger and more dazzling, glowing with a blood-red hue, coming so close that their heat seemed to pierce through her eyes, scorching, burning up her very brain. And the low, murmuring sound increased in like ratio. No longer soft and musical, it seemed the tramp of doom.

Then her mind seemed to give way before the terrible torture. Her eyes closed, her head drooped—Rosina had fainted.

Shrilly and loudly the serpent rattled. Its glittering head was thrown back. Its blood-red mouth was widely expanded. Its death-dealing fangs—so tiny, yet so horrible—were erected. And the maiden lay there helplessly, at its mercy.

The shrill, vibrating rattle was answered back from a dozen points. Out of cracks and crevices, up from the foul smelling abyss, crowded scores of the loathsome reptiles, as though eager to play a part in the sacrifice.

CHAPTER XVIII. STRIKING THE TRAIL.

It would require strong, biting words to picture the rage, chagrin and mortification of Black Garote when he fairly realized how adroitly he had been baffled by the two young buffalo-hunters. In a word—he was "just more'n red-hot!" Expressive, if not elegant.

There was a wild, reckless, headlong scramble among the half-breed's hunters and their copper-tinted allies, the Pawnees, as they leaped over the boulders or crevices, ceasing only when they had reached the level ground and saw the two men just disappearing from view through the mouth of the valley, driving all the spare animals before them.

It was then that Black Garote fully vindicated his right to claim the "cussin' championship." His men drew silently aside, though keeping a watchful eye upon the infuriated hunter, knowing from long experience how ready his hand was to clasp and wield weapon. Paquita crouched down beside a boulder, her dark eyes anxiously, yet lovingly riveted upon the man who was all in all to her. The Pawnees were silently listening to a tall, lithe young brave, who was addressing them in low, earnest, but guarded tones.

Probably the reader has guessed why the Pawnees, from an attacking party, became allies of those whom they had so recently sought to slay.

The scouts dispatched by the Mad Chief to find Rosina and Pablo, had traced them to the camp of the buffalo-hunters, and resolved to kill two birds with one stone; to take scalps, plunder and captives as well. But when the hunters retreated, the captives were missing, and Kingawee, with a wholesome fear of his master before his eyes, quickly effected a truce, explaining away his "mistake" with a grace worthy a professed diplomatist. As yet he had said nothing about his real purpose, Black Garote had believed—and made Kingawee believe—that Rosina was with Don Leon and Pablo. When Paquita rejoined him, thus had he interpreted her words.

But now he realized that there must be some mistake. He knew that neither of the young men would have abandoned Rosina—that they would have died stubbornly fighting first. And yet—where was she?

At this point he caught the Indian woman's eye. Something in her look caused him to start, but quickly recovering, he sprang to her side.

"You can tell me this," he said, roughly grasping her arm. "Was she with them in yonder?"

"No—the baby-face is gone—gone!" Paquita slowly replied; yet there was a glowing heat in her dark eyes that belied her calm speech.

"Gone—what do you mean, fool? Speak out—or—Black Garote nervously tapped the horn-hafted knife at his side.

"You will find her at the lodge. She is dead. I killed her. She would have stolen your love away from me, and so I—"

An angry howl burst from the half-breed's lips as he realized the full import of Paquita's words, and as if in obedience to a mad impulse, his right arm rose and fell.

An involuntary cry of horror broke from the lips of the buffalo-hunters, and one or two of them started forward as though to interfere. But if such were their intentions, it was too late.

The glittering blade descended full upon the half-bred bosom of the Indian girl, and with out a groan she fell forward, clasping the feet of her murderer with her bare, blood-stained arms.

For a moment Garote seemed stupefied by his own deed, but then as he heard the murmuring of his men, the wild, scared look vanished from his eyes, and he faced his followers, showing his teeth like an enraged wolf. Only that one glance was needed. The all-but-mutineers dropped their eyes and shrunk back, thoroughly cowed. After all, it was only a squaw—not worth a quarrel, particularly now that she was dead.

Black Garote harshly ordered his men back to camp. The Pawnees followed, led by Kingawee. The half-breed first entered the lodge, which the fight of the past night had left standing. He saw the knife still sticking in the pallet of skins—saw the blood-stained club—and then the truth flashed upon him. He felt sure that Rosina had taken alarm and had fled in the night, unobserved because of the confusion. Surely she could not flee far—it would be an easy matter to trace and find her. After all, he thought, it was as well that he had acted on impulse, just now. Paquita would have been an awkward "third person."

While thus engaged, Kingawee had not been idle. Still keeping his braves apart from their allies, his tongue had been nimbly at work. His task was not a difficult one, after all, since at the end of it was a fair prospect for plunder, to say the least.

"The rascals mean mischief, master," muttered an old, grizzled hunter in Black Garote's ear. "They're not talking so much for nothing, be sure of that. If we could only get rid—"

"Hist!" cautioned the half-breed, as Kingawee suddenly approached them, as though suspecting the purport of their conversation. "But keep your eye open and your weapons ready."

"My brother looks around with a black eye," said Kingawee, speaking in the mongrel dialect which serves for intercourse along the south-western border the same purpose as the Chinook jargon does along the Columbia and its tributaries. "The two white skinned boys have made fools of us all. Where are our horses? Gone—we are afoot in the desert!"

"Is it my fault?" sharply retorted Black Garote. "You have eyes as well as I. If we were made fools of, the Pawnees were not much wiser."

"The dust-cloud was big enough to fill all our eyes—red and white," and Kingawee smiled, grimly. "The two young braves were very smart—let them keep the horses, for they deserve them, and their people would hardly believe their story—of how they outwitted such cunning braves as Strong Arm and his people—without some such proof. But of the poor Indian—what shall he say when he returns to his chief?"

"That's your affair, not mine," sullenly replied Garote.

"It may be; but listen. There is a great chief of the Pawnees—with the wolf-children his word is law. You may have heard the wind spirit breathe his name, when the storm-clouds are fighting. He is called the 'Mad Chief.'"

Black Garote started back, his dingy skin turning a shade paler. Kingawee smiled grimly as he noticed this change. He saw that Garote had heard of the Mad Chief, and that his task would be all the easier in consequence.

"Our master sent us, his children, out to search for two of his young friends. We found their trail. It ended here, where Strong Arm set up his lodge. One of those young friends has helped to ride away our horses; but the other? Where is the young squaw?"

"If you have eyes you can see—she's gone," angrily snarled the half-breed.

"Very good. Kingawee will go back and say: master, our friend, Strong Arm, gave shelter to the squaw, but she ran away with the night. He is so sorry that he begs you will come and accept of his wooden horses, his blankets, his food and arms. And the great chief will come. He will say—it is good. This is better than a poor white squaw. Strong Arm is a good friend—too good for this poor country. And then, perhaps, the Great Spirit, who hears everything, will see how good these words are, and will take Strong Arm with him to the happy hunting-grounds."

The sensations of Black Garote while listening to this double-edged speech were anything but enviable. The thinly-veiled threat was plainly visible to him, and from what report said of the Mad Chief, the prospect of its being promptly carried out was far from doubtful. Yet he managed to conceal his whole fear, and managed to utter, in a steady tone: "It is well. Kingawee shall go to his chief, but not without the young squaw. Her step is light, but it must leave a trail behind deep enough for the wolf-children to follow. He will go along to learn how a trail should be followed."

Whether Kingawee believed that his words had thoroughly cowed the half-breed or not, his actions would indicate as much. Turning aside he bade his braves scatter and search for the trail. Garote did the same, only motioned for Gil Perez—the grizzled hunter, whose warning has already been recorded—to keep beside him. And while apparently closely scrutinizing the ground, he hurriedly made his followers aware of the new complication.

"We must pretend to fall in with their plans," he muttered, cautiously. "We'll let them follow the trail, in advance, and when the right time comes, we'll show 'em our teeth. Bid the men watch me close. When they see me give the signal—either a knife-stroke or a bullet—they must follow suit. It must be a clean job—not one of the dogs must escape, else we will have that cursed Mad Chief down upon our backs. Go now—tell each one of the men; but be cautious. If they once suspect us—and that devil is cunning enough—our plan is spoiled and we're lost!"

Gil Perez nodded, then glided away. He was a cool, clear-witted fellow, and played his part admirably. Had not Black Garote given the instructions himself, he would never have suspected that anything beyond the common was going on between the old hunter and his different comrades.

Then a low cry from Kingawee announced that the trail left by Rosina had been found, and the entire party, red and white, flocked to the spot. In vain did Garote look for the

signs pointed out by the Pawnee; his eyes were strangely dull for one who had gained such a reputation as a trailer. But neither were his men any better. And so, as a matter of course, the Indians were given the place of honor in front.

Possibly Kingawee had his suspicions. At any rate, he soon caused his braves to fall back and mingle with the whites, while he followed the trail, some yards in advance, alone.

Black Garote smiled grimly. He could bide the time.

While the trail continued up the valley, Kingawee had a comparatively easy task, but after some miles it wound among the rocks here and there, now lost, only to be found after many minutes of close, toilsome searching. At such times Kingawee would cause his braves to scatter upon each side, and soon one or another would find a clue.

At one of these balks, Black Garote passed hastily through his little band, and the hunters scattered, each eagerly scrutinizing the ground, queerly enough, one man directly behind each savage. On a rapid glance, then—Black Garote leveled his rifle and fired! (To be continued—commenced in No. 806.)

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We have on the schedule for early use a very beautiful and powerful romance of city, society and country life, by an authoress well known in popular literature, viz.:

A True Knight; OR, TRUST HER NOT.

Under the *nom de plume* of "Margaret Leicester" the favorite authoress here gives readers one of her most effective and exciting creations—taking rank with the best work of the most popular writers in England and America.

Sunshine Papers.

Ice Scenes in Town.

Oh! it is glorious! just glorious! A band of music, a mile of ice, a sheet of sunshine, a throng of gay skaters, and everywhere the flashing of skates in mad rhythm or waving motion to the crash of marches or the soft melody of a waltz!

Skating a country sport? Why, my rosy-cheeked maidens and tanned-faced lads, jolly as are the times you have on lake and river, you will never know the full fascination of skating—will never know what skating is, until you have tried it once under moonlighted skies, or on a sunshiny Saturday afternoon in town. Come see for yourself. I will be your guide, and, as far as possible, a faithful artist to both ear and eye.

First we must decide where we shall go; for within the limits of these twin cities, bustling New York and its social sister across the river, are eight lakes dedicated to the fairy ice exercise. Three of these—Lower, Upper and Harlem lakes are in Central Park; while its youthful rival, Prospect Park, has one lake. In both cities may be found a skating rink; but though these immense buildings were originally erected solely for the benefit of skaters, with extensive galleries for spectators, they are now principally used for mass-meetings and exhibitions, owing to the mildness of the last season. Aside from the places mentioned, Brooklyn has, also, just balancing the number of lakes in each city, two inclosed ponds. To both of these admission fees are demanded; and, owing to the aristocratic reticence demanded even by the inhabitants of our democratic land, they, of course, are preferred to the public lakes. Therefore, to the most stylish of these we will take our way.

Imagine a mile of ice, inclosed within high walls, lying in the midst of the town. About it on every side rise brick and brown-stone mansions, while spires of many churches tower gracefully heavenward. Through one of the bounding avenues to this lake of ice the horse-cars clatter to and fro, bringing crowds of gay skaters with their cherished steel and straps slung over their shoulders, or huddled under their arms, in little canvas sacks or green or scarlet woolen bags. Some, with more thoughts of fun and less of style, come with paper parcels; the chances being they will return with skates carried lawlessly by the straps.

Long before we reach the entrance the sound of music is borne to our ears again and again; while again and again it is drowned by peals of merriment and the hum of two thousand joyous voices. Our tickets are paid for, now follow me. Here we are upon the long line of platform that lies between this part of the pond and the buildings devoted to the comfort of its habitues.

What a scene! Away, within all the vast square, stretches the ice on which thousands of skaters of both sexes and all ages are gliding to and fro, speeding by like meteors, revolving in dizzy circles, cutting all manner of difficult figures, flying hither and thither. A never quiet picture. A picture never two moments the same; but varying as rapidly and as gayly as the glasses in a kaleidoscope. Back of us this long stretch of rooms heated and abundantly provided with benches, is for the convenience of the skaters. Here they adjust their skates, and here they come to rest or warm themselves. Of course this crowd, as on the ice, is a constantly moving and changing one. The combined sounds of conversation, gay greetings, laughter, moving to and fro of benches, tramping of feet—many of them with the clanking noise incident to skates, the sharp rattle of steel as the skates are unwrapped and thrown upon the floor, make a perfectly deafening discord. These rooms being the passage-way for thousands of feet are necessarily damp and flecked with ice; but they are used principally by boys and gentlemen unaccompanied by female companions, for, from them, in two places, broad flights of stairs lead to a suite of four rooms where a constantly changing crowd of ladies is found. The side of these rooms adjoining the pond forms one extensive, glass-walled gallery, where hundreds of spectators sit and watch the gay scene below. Even the unsheltered platforms, to which we will now descend, are constantly thronged by masses of gay and elegantly-attired promenaders, ready to shout with laughter at every mishap, or send greetings to their friends when they skate within hailing distance.

The band strikes up a lively waltz. Even the promenaders keep time to it. And on the ice the moving panorama becomes a veritable fairy spectacle. Such pretty dresses flying here and there; such glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes; such glistening of ice and glimmering of steel; such music, now loud, now soft, now deadened altogether by the mingled thou-

sands of voices, and always the low, ringing monotone of the skates; such excited couples gliding by with graceful, swinging motion to the waltz time, here and there, in and out among the crowd—all as happy, eager and intent as themselves—now with doubly-clasped hands, now swaying far apart to let other couples pass between them, meeting again with as regular a glide and steady hand as if never separated.

Here a crowd of college boys skate in procession, winding hither and thither like a serpent. Just after them, skating in couples, with more regard for speed than grace, come a crowd of school-girls, laughing merrily as they race. Coming toward us now, moving with less speed but more skill, is a couple whose hair is gray, but whose faces are as joyous as those of their grandchildren who have just bounded a merry romp across their path. Ah! see this young French girl and her comrade, attired with a certainty of winning the envy of many of her lady friends, just crossing the platform! A chorus of exclamations and shouts of laughter, in which mademoiselle joins as heartily as the spectators at her misfortune! Her first step upon the ice proved a misstep; she has fallen in the water around the edge of the platform, and is obliged to trip back to the dressing-room to rearrange her costume. There is another fall how ridiculously the unfortunate skater arises and glances ferociously at his skates, in the consoling hope that the on-lookers will believe those innocent articles, instead of his own awkwardness, caused the tumble. There a handsome aunt skates with her little nephew; here a sister is led by a brother; a father skates hand-in-hand with a baby-boy not yet shorn of long, yellow curls or divested of skirts; this eminent disciple of Æsculapius is instructor to a little daughter; a self-conscious and skillful performer lingers near the platforms to show his fantastic tricks; a lady-professor in spectacles glides by with a reverend but bald-headed doctor; and, oh, the bewitching girls and the gallant cavaliers! For fashion and exercise, sentiment and fun, love-making and flirtation, there is no place that can rival this lake of ice!

But, my fingers are getting numb; so to this carnival of grace, beauty, style, love, music, and ice—this delicious, town-skating scene—let us say good-day.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

MORAL HEROES.

THE "Bard of Avon" wrote no truer words than the ones, "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players." All the acting is not confined to the boards of a theater. There is a vast deal of tragedy and comedy being performed around and about us. I was thinking this all over the other day, and came to the conclusion that there were a great many people acting heroic lives that were entitled to more than a mere mention. I came across such a character not long since. (To make a digression, some individuals have wondered how I manage to come across so many characters. I can only reply that many people tell me their troubles and joys, believing I can make use of them in some of these essays, either by way of warning or encouragement, and they prove quite handy to "fill in.")

But to my subject. It's something of a love affair—for what would the world do without love!—and the hero of it is Billy. When Billy arrived at a certain age it became natural for him to seek the society of the other sex. Among his acquaintances one charmed him more than all the rest, and to her he devoted his time, affection and money. His love was reciprocated for awhile, and all went merrily as the traditional marriage-bell, until some one else set his eyes on the fair damsel, and, by means most foul, caused rumors to be circulated derogatory to Billy's fame, which were listened to by the too credulous Matilda. She never told Billy of these reports, as she should have done in order to allow him the privilege of a denial, but she treated Billy very coolly, until she told him his visits were disagreeable to her and she wished he would cease them. Billy obeyed; he did cease them, and she married Billy's calumniator.

The sequel to the story is easily told. The one that the girl married proved to be a drunken good-for-naught, and she lived with him as long as she could, until "patience ceased to be a virtue," then she felt obliged to leave him. Long since she found out how Billy had been vilified, and, believing she would find a true friend in him, sent for him to meet her at her parents' house. Billy responded. Advice was needed. She desired a divorce, but Billy was averse to that. He argued with her that a divorce should be the last thing thought of. She said she would agree to what Billy proposed. What he proposed he carried into effect. He went to see the husband, "talked to him like a father," showed him how wrong he was, and that, if he would behave himself like a man, clothe and support his wife and child, he would prevail on her to live with him once more, and if he would act the part of a husband, he (B.) would be a true friend to him and help him in his reformation. He promised to save his money and give it to his wife.

Well, he has been "very good," and for the sake of all, let us hope he may continue to remain so. Billy never meets his former love now, but he keeps a watchful eye over the husband. Any dereliction on his part will not go unpunished.

Wherein lies Billy's heroism? Don't you think he was heroic in advising his former love against seeking a divorce when he might have influenced her to free herself from her matrimonial fetters, so he could win her for himself. It would not have been so hard a task as you imagine. Was he not a moral hero in cementing broken ties and healing wounds, instead of making them the harder to bear? Was there not some heroism in his character when he was willing to aid one who had proved his enemy and robbed him of one whom he loved so dearly? If I outlive him, and any one should ask me the most appropriate words to put on his tombstone, I should answer, "Blessed are the peacemakers."

How often we exclaim, after seeing a drama, or reading a novel—"How unreal!"

Well, they are unreal in one sense of the word, because our lives are made up of so many strange and startling events as to far outdo anything which has been put in novel or dramatic form.

Events are transpiring of a strange character, that we are unacquainted with. Every day of our lives we meet people who have secrets locked in their hearts which no key will loosen. Many there are whose lives would furnish themes for the romancer. In our own community there may be people, whom we are apt to style "nonentities," who are leading noble and heroic lives, doing acts that the Almighty sees and blesses, but which we, short-sighted mortals, know nothing of, and because we do not know it, we are prone to see no merit in such persons. We give credit to those whose charities are trumpeted forth to the four winds of heaven, but we pass by the

ones that seem unostentatious and somewhat obscure. Why is it? What is your answer? EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Men Who Have Made Their Mark.

As a truthful biographer of some of the shabby and celebrated lights of our old village I take up my pen, which thrills at the task, to give them a world-wide celebrity. In these sketches of those successful and otherwise men, I propose to stick to the serious truth, unadorned with any flowery language or hifalutin hifalutes whatever. It is purely a labor of love, and I assure you I am not paid for the work. I am sorry I cannot give the portraits.

BILL FERGUSON was born when he was a very small boy. His parents were so poor that his father was hardly able to give him a spanking. He set out from home to do for himself without a cent in his pocket, and by careful management and great exertions he got to be the laziest man in town. He was alive at last accounts.

ABSOLOM BANGS was born in good circumstances. His father was his uncle's brother's son. Every person in town said that Ab. would never come to anything, but he succeeded in coming to the gallows and died in the immediate vicinity.

ERASTUS SWIPES began life by peddling clams. When the war broke out and a call for volunteers was made, he kept on selling clams in an humble way, and to-day he is still selling clams. His persistence is truly wonderful.

TAD GRUM's father was too poor to buy him books to read or furnish him candles to read by, but he and another companion, by the light of the fireplace in an old back shop, used to play cards half the night. He got so celebrated that when he died he was buried by the town.

JOHN JONES was a poor man. In going home one night he made a mistake and got into the wrong house; this so chagrined him that he took everything he could lay his hands on. The State takes care of him now, and furnishes him with work and victuals.

ESAU PODGES' father died and left nothing behind him; he bequeathed it all to Esau; in this capital he began business, and to-day he is worth nothing, lacking a few dollars. Ponder on this, young man!

NIMROD SCROGGES was born—and there is where he made a great mistake. In early life he was the son of a soap-father, but his aspirations being higher, he went into the boot-blackening business. As a poet he was not a success. When he died he left everything he had, didn't even take a change of clothes. He died, universally regretted by all he owed, of the delirium tremens—a disease which arises from drinking undiluted water.

In early life KIT SMITH was considered to be a worthless fellow; when he got to be a man he hadn't changed a bit, but he scorned to go into politics. He never had better health than at the moment he died. A trap-door gave away with him, and if he had fallen to the ground it wouldn't have injured his health, but he stopped too short.

ORLANDO MUGGS is no more. Twenty-five years ago he was a poor errand-boy in a dry-goods store. His friends had no idea that he would ever become the president of a bank, and, of course, he never did. He used to pick up pins, and showed habits of economy; then he got to picking up dimes and other small change, and putting it away carefully, so carefully that the proprietor himself could not find out where it was. He got to saving everything which was valuable. In twenty years, on a small salary, he was enabled to save several thousands of dollars. Then the court sent him to Sing-Sing to spend the remainder of his days in peace. His brother went there for twenty years, but died, and now another brother is preparing to go there and serve out the balance of the time.

TAD MILLIGAN was born—that is the worst thing I can say of him. He is dead—that is the best thing I can say of him.

SAM HOUSE did not boast much of his origin, having been born in indigent circumstances. His education was early neglected, but that man grew up and sat on the bench for twenty years, and the other shoemakers used to say he was the worst workman that ever spoiled a boot. His grave lies in a neglected state.

JOSHUA BONES was once so poor that he could not afford to wash his face, but he got to be so respected by the community that they put him in jail and locked him up so careful were they lest some one should come and steal him. He died lamentably.

ASA MILLIGAN was raised in poverty. He died and was lowered in the same. That is all that is necessary to say of him.

PETER SOX was the adopted son of obscure parents. He did a driving trade in the dry line. When Pete was married he was in debt, but when he died he left a family of ten children in the poorhouse. No granite monument marks the spot.

PAT ARRIK was so early, so very early, aged two years, that what might have been said of him can only be conjectured, and I haven't got the time to sit down and figure it out. It was a great misfortune to him, nevertheless.

ELI TIPMAN came over from England a poor boy, without money to pay his way even half-way over, so he rode behind the ship on the rudder. He went to making candles, and stuck to it; and when he died he left the accumulation of years, which amounted to five thousand dollars in debts. No tombstone man tried to sell a stone there either. He was known as far as China. A friend of his went there to live.

I would call the attention of my young friends to these simple chronicles of men who began life in lowly ways, and afterward grew up to something or other. I might fill a hat without a crown in it with other names equally worthy of consideration, but it is hard to work against time and space at the same time.

Go on with your street-sweeping and chimney-cleaning and hair-dressing; something may open up to you yet, even if it is the lunatic asylum. WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

—The largest revolving gun that has probably ever been manufactured is now at the royal gun factories in the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, England. It is a revolver with five chambers, firing successively through an open-mouth barrel, and moving about on a kind of truck. It weighs 35 cwt., and appears to be very ingeniously contrived. It will shortly be forwarded to Shoeburness, to undergo a series of trials in competition with various charges of gun cotton. This gun is the Englishman's hope. Artillery has so rapidly developed in destructive power that it is not who can shoot the hardest shot but who can shoot the most in a given time. The principle of the American revolver is rapidly transplanting all others in army rifles and now bids fair to be also adopted for artillery, heavy and light—each gun becoming a sort of misanthropic-leur-in-battery. Anything to maim or murder the most men in the shortest space of time—this is modern "civilization."

—Reading of our big guns, which throw balls of half a ton weight, fills us with amazement, yet they are nothing new. Four centuries ago (1478) the Turks erected a battery of guns against Scutari, the largest of which was capable of throwing a stone shot thirty-two inches in diameter, and weighing 1,640 pounds, whereas the projectile of the English eighty-ton gun weighs only 1,250 pounds. It is evident, moreover, that these enormous guns were of practical service, for it is recorded that 2,584 rounds were fired from them in thirty days. At the Castle of Asia, on the Dardanelles, there still exists a battery of bronze cannon, some of which have a bore of twenty-eight inches in diameter. When the British Admiral, Sir John Duckworth, forced the passage of the straits in March, 1807, one of his ships was struck by a huge stone bullet thrown from one of these guns. The great gun of Beapour, with a caliber of twenty-eight inches, is another instance of what gun-founders could accomplish more than three centuries ago. This gun was last discharged, it is said, during the eighteenth century, on the occasion of a visit from the Rajah of Sattara. The shot weighed more than 1,000 pounds. The Izar Pookhar, or great gun of Moscow, has a bore fifty-four inches in diameter, but has never yet been fired with shotted charges.

During leap year the girl who counts all the gray horses she sees, until she has got up to a hundred, will be married within a year, to the first gentleman with whom she shakes hands after counting the one hundredth horse. Every girl should carry a memorandum book, that she may be sure to keep a correct record. A number of girls of our acquaintance are now at it and almost daily take long tramps of observation. A gray horse is a prize. Only, girls, be careful not to count the same horse twice. Another thing: count the spots on your finger and toe-nails; divide them by four, then find a gentleman having the product of your division in the number of spots on his finger-nails—he is your destined husband. If you have no spots on your nails you are doomed to at least four years of celibacy.

—The Russian Ministry of Justice has given instructions to its sub-departments that henceforth the punishment of imprisonment shall be discontinued in its application to females sentenced to deportation. Hitherto women have been punished the same as men with knouts and rods. Henceforth ten days of isolated confinement are the equivalent of a lash with the knout, and two days a lash with the rod. Even the Russian is feeling the civilizing tendency of the times, and the West Virginian is not behind him. When the mob, the other day, broke the jail open at Barbourville and dragged forth Mrs. Meeding and Williams, her paramour—who had brutally murdered the woman's husband—the man was strung up at once, but there was not in that rough crowd one man to be found who would put the rope around the woman's neck, although she had made a full confession of her share in the dreadful crime. That was a concession to "the sex" which our blatant women's rights women probably cannot understand.

—A new style of playing cards has been introduced, which promises to become popular. The new cards are circular, about three inches in diameter, and each suit is printed in a different color. Upon the extreme edge of the circle the number of the card is printed in figures in the same color as the suit in which the card belongs. The face cards, instead of being "single or double heads," have five heads, all of which radiate from the center, and can be recognized at a glance. The advantages claimed for these cards are that, being circular, the edges will not wear out. The distinct color of each suit and the figures upon the margin enable the player to guard against mistakes and play more rapidly. The player can see and know at a glance every card in his hand. They can be shuffled, dealt, and played with the greatest ease, and each pack being in a box, they can be carried in the pocket without soiling.

—A new cereal has been grown in the State of Oregon, and thus far nobody has been able to classify it for while it bears a general resemblance to wheat, yet its stalk, mode of growth, and heavy blades, cause it to be taken for rye or barley by the most experienced farmers. In presenting it to a dozen agriculturists, no two in succession will agree as to what sort of a grain it is. It does not belong to the family of wheat, rye, or barley. It was discovered in this wise: A farmer living in Tillamook county, Oregon, while out hunting about four years ago, killed several wild geese. On opening one he noticed a peculiar grain in its stomach. Its form puzzled him, but desiring to know what it really was, he planted it in the spring and raised a bounteous crop from it, and subsequently raised forty bushels on a half acre of land. It has a most striking appearance in the field owing to its dense character, its long, heavily-bearded stems, and drooping head. Its mode of growth is also different from any grain with which we are acquainted, for from seven to ten stalks spring from one root, and attain a height, when ripe, of four and a half to five feet. They are very thin, compact, of a bright straw color, and extremely hard, as if they contained a large quantity of silica.

—The first locomotive engine introduced and worked in America was run upon the Delaware and Hudson Railroad in 1838. The first American steam locomotive was built by Messrs. Krebbs, in Westport, New York. The first steam-propelled cars in America, running steadily with passengers and freight, were on the Charleston and Hamburg road, now the South Carolina Railroad. Ross Winans, of Baltimore, planned the first eight-wheeled car ever built for passenger purposes, and called it by the appropriate name of the "Columbus."

Have you mailed that letter I gave you yesterday morning, my dear? said Mrs. Youngblood last evening, as she handed her mate a cup of tea. "Well, no," said Mr. Y. H., "I can't say that I have mailed it yet, but I've made all the preliminary arrangements." He was made to surrender the letter forthwith, and five minutes later Bridget completed the arrangements by dropping it into the post box on the corner.

BUFFALO BILL'S NEW STORY!

We have in hand, for use in due season,

KANSAS KING; OR, The Red Right Hand.

BY HON. WM. F. CODY ("BUFFALO BILL"),
AUTHOR OF "DEADLY EYE."

Something to create remark—a veritable "leaf from life," and told in a style of great narrative power by the noted scout.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully paid in postage. MSS. prepared for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned, only when stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit of times; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy" third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it the folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unsuitable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

Declined: "True Love's Test," "The Indian Mother," "In Memory of a Dear Little Girl," "Not a Dime for Him," "Will Mason's Pet," "A New Wife," "Blazes," "The Crazy Mustang," "Old Ropes."

Accepted: "Detected by a Dream," "Blind Bertha," "What Jennie Darling Saw," "Did He Kill Him?" "My Lady," "Three Brides in One," "How Can She Win?" "Mixing Sweets," "Parting Song."

J. P. D. We are not wanting anything of the kind you indicate.

C. S. D. When a correspondent sends no stamps for reply why should we answer? But if stamps are sent, send them to the right address. Send for samples of silk to Stewart or Arnold & Constable, N. Y.

Mrs. F. G. J. A servant to each guest is absurd. One waiter to five guests is quite the thing. Five courses is the full dinner service.

L. G. R. Sorry we cannot use the matter inclosed. Send it elsewhere, where they are less crowded with contributions than we are.

Oh, My NELLIE. A leap-year party is one where each lady invites a guest, who does not know from which lady the invitation came. These parties will be quite "the thing" for this year.

Jas R. R. The celebration of Independence before it was promulgated, receive the signatures of fifty-six representatives of thirteen States.

ROBERT E. N. The Military Academy at West Point was founded in 1822 (March 16th). It grew out of Alexander Hamilton's suggestion, and was built in 1827, when the ex-President was named commander-in-chief, in the year 1797—when war was expected with France.

BERNARD L. We have already given recipes for the clearing of the skin. The black spots are minute worms, which ought always be pressed out, as they lie just beneath the first skin. See what is said in No. 307. Use freely on the skin, nightly carbolio acid and glycerine, and wash in carbolio soap.

JOB B. H. We cannot supply the papers containing "Death Notes." We must, however, since there is considerable call for it, give the serial as one of our Twenty Cent Novels.

D. G. S. Benedict Arnold, by the terms of his "contract" with the British, retained a majority of his commission in the British service. He served them, to our great disaster, in Virginia and Connecticut. After the war he was retired from the British army on a pension. A British officer would not associate with him, and he fought a duel with the Earl of Louderdale for the earl's expressed detestation of such a traitor. Arnold died in Gloucester Place, London, A. D. 1801. He had several children by his Philadelphia wife, Margaret Salpene; and descendants from these children are now residents of Nova Scotia, England and India, so we are informed.

ALEX B. C. Wood, when new and smoothly dressed, receives all acid colors freely. A decoction of logwood and alum, used as a wash, will drop a little sulphuric acid on a small quantity of water; brush over the wood, then iron it with a hot iron. There are at least a dozen receipts for producing a permanent and very fine black in wool.

ELLA F. M. asks: "Are there any other kind of hairpins besides the ordinary Japanese ones that ladies use?" Yes; black rubber ones may be used, and do not hurt the hair. There are also Long, flexible silver and gilt hairpins are sold, that are exceedingly pretty in light hair, and are not near as rough and injurious to the hair as the steel ones.

"HOPE AND CHARITY" write: "Will you kindly give us an opinion on a little matter of etiquette? We went to a ball the other evening and two married gentlemen paid us considerable attention, danced with us, and took us out to supper. Their wives were not present. They were friends of our children. Was it, or was it not, proper for us to receive their entire attention?" As you were under the care of your father, and the gentlemen were his friends, he was responsible for the propriety of their attentions. When a guest leaves a room, he does not receive attentions from a married man in the absence of the gentleman's wife, neither in her presence unless you are intimate family friends.

JOHN N. Any unmarried male of a marriageable age is a bachelor. When a man marries he is said to be a Benedict.

Mrs. De Witt. You should not fill a cup too full, so that it will spill over when lifted, rendering the saucer untidy. Never fill a cup or glass above two-thirds of an inch from the top. Always put a spoon in the saucer, not in the cup. Never use the same spoons to dip the sugar with that you pass to the person at table; but have one spoon devoted entirely to use in the sugar bowl. And always have spoons enough to put one on each saucer; and when anything upon the table is to be eaten with a spoon, see that there is a spoon to supply a fresh one for it to each person. Never compel a person to put one spoon to more than one use. Have as many tablespoons upon the table as there are articles to be served with them. When a guest leaves a spoon in his cup it is considered a sign that he desires it refilled; when he puts it in the saucer he has had sufficient.

Lizzie Johnson writes: "If a gentleman who is paying attention to a certain lady receives an invitation to a party, and she does not, is it correct for him to ask his lady to go with him, or proper for her to accept?" Of course, if the lady declines, the lady to attend unless his invitation intimated that the hostess would be pleased to have him accompanied by a friend. And of course, save under the latter circumstances, the lady would not think of accepting his invitation.

ELLA REED. There is no harm, but, on the contrary, much that is excellent in friendly correspondences and associations between gentlemen and ladies, both of whom are working on an equal position and keep themselves free from degeneracy into mere flirtation.

Mrs. RICHARD, Wilmington. Something very new and pretty in fancy work are lambequins, hand-screens, chair-backs, etc., worked on an alternating blue and white background. The blue stripe is finely worked across, in herring-bone style, with gay-colored sash and silk, and redness with silk of another color. The most striking feature is the other contrasting colors, and so on. Between every three or four stripes of this embroidery an inch wide stripe of gay ribbon is fastened on with patches of silk. The blue ribbon stripes are alternated with black velvet stripes, put on in the same manner. The effect is very handsome; all of the blue stripes of the ticking being covered with brilliant embroidery and gay stripes.

En. F. C. B., Brooklyn, writes: "I am in a most disagreeable dilemma. I was engaged to a young lady whose one grave fault was a violent temper, that had occasioned several unhappy misunderstandings between us. Our last quarrel resulted in a termination of our engagement. I knew it was for the best, and resolved never to meet her again. About the same time I met a fascinating young lady frequently, whom my relatives took every chance of throwing in my company. She evidently liked me, my friends all desired that I should marry her; she was gay and sweet-tempered, and cheered me, and I eventually proposed to her and was accepted. Everything went smoothly until a few weeks ago, when I accepted the invitation of a dear friend to spend a few days at his sister's in New England. There I met, and stayed for three days in the same house with my first love. She begged me to forgive and forget the past, assure me she was striving hard to conquer her fault, and could never be happy without my love. Sound by another engagement, I could give her no encouragement; but I have been miserable ever since thinking of her, and knowing I love her best after all. What can I do? What ought I to do? You are sure that you and the first lady would be happy if you married? Are you sure you do love her better? If you feel, beyond a doubt, that you love your first sweetheart more, then you are at present engaged, and abide by her decision. Remember that whatever action you take now will probably give intense pain to some one, and let your course be firm. If you betrothed and released her, and you return to your first allegiance, there must be no vacillating."

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

SUMMER AND WINTER.

BY JOHN GOSSIP.

Wherever winds are blowing, wherever skies are snowing,
The wintry roar on land and shore
Is soundless quite, through day and night;
For, drowning all, the love-songs fall;
And heart-felt prayer ascends the air,
Melting cold misery out of sight.

Yet hearts there are in summertime—
When love floats o'er the earth in rhyme—
That are as ice-bound as the seas.
No outer glory hearts like these
Can enter; for, till life goes out,
They're cold within and cold without.

'Tis thus the heart's the world to each:
One of the lessons love doth teach.

The Men of '76.

Lafayette.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

NEXT to that of Washington, the memory of Lafayette is most revered by every lover of liberty.

Chivalrous, brave, true and tender, his character stands out in history with peculiar luster. Born to vast estates, of a family of most honored name and eminence, the inheritor of a proud title—all promising him commanding power and position in his own country, Gilbert Motier, Marquis de Lafayette, espoused our cause—the cause of the people—the cause of liberty, making sacrifices that few men ever made, and consecrating his wealth, his life, his happiness to a principle that will render his name and fame dear to all time.

When but a boy of nineteen he was captain of dragons in the French army (1776); then hearing of the "rebellion" in America, he informed himself fully regarding it, and resolved to embark in the struggle. Every possible opposition was interposed by his friends, and by his king (Louis XVI.) but to no purpose.

Accompanied by the brave and good Baron De Kalb, and ten other gallant Frenchmen, he escaped into Spain, and from a Spanish port embarked for America in a vessel which his own funds had provided and filled with arms, munitions and stores.

He landed at Georgetown, South Carolina, (April 25th, 1777), unheralded—a stranger in a strange land, but met with a warm reception from the patriotic South Carolinians. Proceeding to Philadelphia, he was there welcomed as his rank, wealth and merits deserved. Such an accession to the then desponding cause was indeed propitious. He was commissioned Major-General (July 31st, 1777), one month before he was twenty-one years of age!

The American army was then too weak to oppose the powerful forces acting under Sir William Howe. Defeated at New York, and retiring from New Jersey by the exigency of concentrating his forces in defense of Philadelphia, Washington's army was at Germantown where the British landed, from their fleet, at the head of the Elk, in Chesapeake Bay. The battle of Brandywine Creek followed (Sept. 11th, 1777), and Lafayette, then without a command, participated as a volunteer aid to General Sullivan. That was his first field service, and bravely was it rendered. He was wounded in the leg, in the vain endeavor to rally the panic-stricken recruits, by his own daring, and for two months was under surgical care. Between Washington and himself sprang a friendship which intimacy only increased. His was one of those spirits which no discouragement could dishearten; he gave of his own fortune freely to equip the ragged regiments; he received no pay for his own service, and by his example inspired a faith in the ultimate success of our arms which only the gloomiest fall and winter Lafayette was the good angel of the camps at Valley Forge, and Congress and society both admitted his great personal influence.

In view of the treaty of alliance between France and the United States (February 6th, 1778), Great Britain prepared for the double struggle by evacuating Philadelphia and concentrating at New York. This movement Washington apprehended, so he sent Lafayette forward to Barron Hill (about half-way between Valley Forge and Philadelphia) as an army of observation and menace. Sir Henry Clinton (then commanding in the city) at once resolved upon Lafayette's capture, and planned a powerful movement by rear, front and flank, thus to "bag" the whole American force. But Lafayette was alert, and by most adroit management brought off his whole command after some sharp fighting.

This brilliant affair reassured all of his fine military qualities, and Washington gave the division of the Marquis the post of honor—the advance—in the pursuit of the British, as they retired upon New York. Striking the enemy at Monmouth (or Freehold) June 28th, Lafayette, with great enthusiasm, opened that memorable conflict, which was arrested, after some sharp firing, by General Lee—the senior officer in the field—ordering a retrograde movement. Awaiting news from the front, Washington was astounded by the news of this movement, and pressing forward soon mastered the situation, and in person took command. The Marquis was sustained; the whole American army became engaged; the British assault was stayed, and the troops bivouacked on the field that night, to renew the struggle in the morning. Lafayette and Washington slept side by side under a tree.

When morning came Clinton was gone. The pursuit was abandoned, and Washington moved his main army to the Hudson. Lafayette was given a vote of thanks by Congress of a very flattering nature.

France now being fully involved in a war with Great Britain, the Marquis felt it his duty to return to the service of his king; and, recompensed and thanked by Congress, he was granted unlimited leave of absence. Reaching Paris (February, 1779), he greatly aided our cause and again returned to America (March, 1780) to be welcomed with ardor by all classes and by Congress.

Lafayette now more than ever was Washington's confidant and friend. The intimate relations of the French fleets and our army made frequent conferences essential—in all of which the Marquis represented Washington with rare judgment, and to his exertions were greatly due the harmony that finally prevailed.

In the memorable treason of Arnold, General Lafayette was on the spot at an early moment, and acted throughout as Washington's aid and adviser.

That fall, at Lafayette's earnest instigation, Washington concocted a movement upon the British outposts around New York city—in which the Marquis's corps was to have the advance; but, the whole well-planned scheme was frustrated by the mere accident of a few British vessels-of-war appearing on the Hudson.

To Lafayette was confided the defense of Virginia in 1781. Awfully devastated by the traitor, Arnold, the people were, for awhile, almost at that scoundrel's mercy; but the Marquis was early in the field with a force that, handled with wonderful celerity, made the campaign one of the most spirited and exciting of the whole war. Cornwallis, coming in from the South, was intent on desolating the State; but Lafayette kept in his front perpetually; and finally, when the British commander retired to Yorktown, as a new base of operations, he found the Marquis, supported by the gallant Wayne and the self-reliant Steuben, at his heels.

Then followed the happiest stroke of the war. Washington saw his opportunity. The French fleet, under Count de Grasse, then in the Chesapeake, cut off all succor to Cornwallis by sea; so, making a splendid feint on New York, to deceive Clinton, the American chief made a forced march of all his available army across New Jersey, and thence to Williamsburg, where Lafayette was awaiting the reinforcements.

The siege of Yorktown, so noted in the annals of the Revolution, was under Washington's own eye and supervision; but to Lafayette was properly conceded the honor of conducting the field operations. Day and night, for three weeks, he was almost incessantly on duty—sleeping at times in his very saddle. It was digging, and bombarding, and sortie, all the time—the brave French forces from the fleet emulating the "Yankees" in the fight. Cornwallis surrendered, after a direct siege of thirteen days, and that splendid success virtually gave freedom to the States.

This success was followed by Lafayette's second return to France, to serve his country at home, where great dangers to the government existed. Congress again (Nov. 23d, 1781) gave him a testimonial of high honor, and he departed, "leaving deep in the hearts of a grateful people, the remembrance of his virtues and his services."

Peace followed, by the preliminary treaty of Paris (January 20th, 1783), in which Lafayette was, by special request of Congress, made an adviser. He was the first to communicate the joyful tidings in his dispatch to Congress, and his letter to Washington. The news reached this country, officially, through the British commander at New York, and on April 19th, 1783—just eight years from the battle of Lexington—peace was proclaimed from the headquarters of the American army.

Desiring to see his American friends again, he once more visited our shores, landing in New York August 4th, 1784. His presence was a grand source of delight. State authorities, legislators, cities and villages vied in doing honor to one to whom they all owed so much. In January, 1785, he was again in France—then trembling on the verge of the revolution that was soon to deluge the land in the best blood of its own citizens.

To follow Lafayette through his after life of remarkable experience in the bloody French revolution—to his enforced flight from France—to his wandering in Germany, and his six years' terrible and yet unexplained imprisonment in the dungeons of Olmutz—to his release, in broken health, by the intercession of Napoleon, whose command the German emperor dared not disobey—to his return to France to become the idol of the people in whose service he had suffered so much—we cannot here advert. Such a series of combined adventures, calamities, and honors, seems incredible; and that he lived through them all to become the savior of his country, after the fall of Napoleon, is not the least marvelous feature of his most romantic life.

The people of this country longed once more to see him, and Congress, in response to this wish, passed resolutions inviting him to come and be the nation's guest. The call he could not resist. He landed in New York, August 15th, 1824, to be received with an enthusiasm without parallel. His progress through twenty-four of our States was one continued ovation, fittingly closed by his return in a government frigate, named after his first battle in the Revolutionary war—the Brandywine—in which he sailed for Havre, Sept. 7th, 1825. This visit was emphasized by an act of our National Congress (January, 1825), voting the General the sum of \$200,000 and a township of land in Florida, as some return for his adventures, services and sacrifices in behalf of the Republic. His vast estates had passed from him—his title of marquis he abjured, so that this gift was a great comfort to his old age.

Lafayette lived to witness and to be an active participant in the revolution of 1830. Assuming command of the National Guard, he became dictator of the situation. The people clamored for him to become king or ruler; but not for him were such responsibilities; and well knowing that France was not fitted for republican institutions, he gave them a *citizen king* in the person of Louis Philippe, ruling under the control of, and through an elective Assembly.

This was his last great service to the nation. Beloved more than any man in France—regarded as the father of his country, and revered as the friend of Washington, he lived in peace, until his death, May 20th, 1834.

Erminie:
OR,
THE GIPSY QUEEN'S VOW.BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,
AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "AN AW-
FUL MYSTERY," "VICTORIA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE ATTACK.

"Then more fierce
The conflict grew, the din of arms; the yell
Of savage rage; the shriek of agony;
The groans of death, commingled with one sound,
Of undistinguished horrors."—SOUTHEY.

SILENT, motionless, speechless, with surprise and many contending emotions, Ray stood gazing on his new-found father, like one suddenly stricken dumb. And with one hand resting on the young man's shoulders, the outlaw stood before him, looking in his pale, wild, excited face, with a strange, sad smile.

"My father!" repeated Ray, like one in a dream.

"Yes, even so; you have little cause, I fear, to be proud of the relationship. In the branded outlaw, smuggler, and pirate, Captain Reginald, you behold him who was once known as the Count Germaine, the husband of the beautiful, high-born Lady Maude Percy, and your father. Strange, strange, that we should meet thus."

For some moments Ray paced up and down the floor rapidly and excitedly, with a face from which every trace of color had fled. His father stood watching him, one arm leaning on a sort of mantel, with a look half proud, half sad, half bitter, commingled on his still fine face.

"I see you are not disposed to acknowledge the relationship between us, sir," he said, almost haughtily. "Well, I own you are not to blame for that. Let us part as we met first, as strangers; you go your way and I will continue mine! The world need never know that you are aught to the outlawed rover-chief. You are free, sir; free to go, and to take Miss Lawless with you, if you choose. I did wish to see my poor old mother before I left, but, perhaps, it is better as it is. I will leave this part of the world altogether, and return no more; the son of Maude Percy, the one love of my crime-darkened life, will never be compromised by me."

There was something unspeakably sad in the proud, cold way this was said, compared with the deep melancholy, the bitter remorse in his dark eyes. There were tears that did honor to his manly heart in Ray's eyes, as he came over and held out his hand.

"My father, you wrong me," he said, earnestly; "it was from no such unworthy feeling I hesitated to reply. These revelations came so suddenly, so unexpectedly, that for the time being I was stunned, and unable to comprehend all clearly. Outlaw or not, you are my father still; and as such, we will leave the world and its scorn together. If your crimes have been great, so have your wrongs; and let him who is without sin cast the first stone."

The hands of father and son met in a strong, earnest clasp; but the outlaw's face was averted, and his strong chest rose and fell like the waves of a tempest-tossed sea.

At this moment the curtain was pushed aside, and the Frenchwoman, Marguerite, stood before them.

"Well, Marguerite!" said the outlaw, looking up.

"Did you expect any of the men to return to-night?" she asked, looking with the same glance of sharp suspicion from one to the other.

"No. Why?"

"Some of them are without; they have given the signal."

"Oh, well, tell Bart to await them. I did not expect them, but something may have brought them back. Admit them at once."

The woman turned and left the room, and the outlaw, looking at Ray, said, with a sad smile:

"Poor Marguerite! she has been faithful through all, clinging to me with a love of which I am utterly unworthy. Poor Marguerite! she was deserving of a better fate."

"I suppose she has now quite recovered from the loss of her child," said Ray.

"Never! she has never been the same since. Dear Rita! sweet little angel! Oh! Raymond, I loved that child as—"

The sentence was interrupted in a blood-chilling manner enough.

From the distant entrance of the cave came a wild shout of alarm, then an exulting cheer, lost in the sharp report of fire-arms and the tramping of many feet.

"Hail what means this?" exclaimed the outlaw, as he dashed the curtain aside, and, closely followed by Ray, stood in the outer apartment.

The men were already on their feet, gazing in alarm in each other's faces, and involuntarily grasping their weapons. In the midst of them stood Pet and the Frenchwoman, listening in surprise and vague alarm.

Still the noise continued. Shouts, cheers, the tramping of feet, and the report of fire-arms, all commingled together. At the same instant Black Bart and two others rushed in, all covered with blood, and shouting:

"Betrayed! betrayed! that devil's whelp, Rozzel Garnet, has betrayed us, and the revenue-officers are upon us red hot. Here they come with that cursed white-livered dog among them," yelled Black Bart, as he rushed in.

"Come with me, this is no place for us," said the woman Marguerite, as she seized Pet by the arm, and dragged her into the inner apartment.

In rushed the officers of the law, some twenty in all, three times the number of the smugglers; and their leader, in a loud, authoritative voice, commanded them to lay down their arms and surrender in the name of the law.

"Go to the devil!" was Black Bart's civil reply, as he took deliberate aim, and sent a bullet whistling through the heart of the unfortunate man.

A shout of rage arose from the officers at the fall of their leader, and they rushed precipitately upon the outlaws. But their welcome was a warm one; for the pirates, well-knowing what would be their fate if captured alive, fought like demons, and soon the uproar in the vaults grew fearful.

"On, my brave fellows, on!" shouted Captain Reginald; "death here, if we must die, sooner than on the gallows. Hail there goes Rozzel Garnet, the cursed infernal villain. He at least shall not escape."

He raised his pistol, a sharp report followed, and a shriek of mortal agony; Rozzel Garnet bounded up in the air, and then fell heavily, shot through the brain.

The conflict now waxed fast and furious; but desperate as the smugglers were, they could not long hold out against three times their number, men better armed and prepared than themselves. The revenue-officers closed on them; and in an incredibly short space of time three of the smugglers were securely bound, while three more lay stark and dead on the bloodstained, slippery floor of the cave.

Three times during the conflict had the arm of Ray Germaine interposed to save his father's life, as he fought with the desperation of madness. But his single arm was unavailing to turn the fortune of war, and he saw his men falling helpless on every side of him. Still, he fought on with such desperate fierceness, that the revenue-officers at last closed on him, and bore him bleeding and wounded to the ground.

The conflict was ended, the revenue-officers were victorious; but the victory was dearly bought, for more than half their number lay wounded or dead on the floor. They paused now, drew a long breath, and wiped the perspiration off their heated and inflamed faces.

Wounded and bleeding, the outlaw-chief lay on the ground. Half delirious with conflicting feelings, Ray knelt beside him, and strove to staunch the flowing blood.

"It is useless," he said, with a faint smile; "I have received my death-wound. Call Marguerite; I would see her before I die, and tell my mother my poor mother—would to God I could see her, too, once more," he said, while a look of bitter sorrow and remorse passed over his pale face.

"You shall not die here!" exclaimed Ray, impulsively, starting up; "and you shall see her, in spite of them all. Mr. Chesny," he added, turning to the present leader of the revenue-officers, "will you permit some of your men to bear Captain Reginald up to Old Barrens Cottage immediately?"

The gentleman addressed, who knew Ray intimately, turned round in surprise. In the

heat of the conflict he had not perceived him, and now he looked his astonishment at the unexpected *recontre*.

"You here, Mr. Germaine!" he exclaimed.

"Why, how comes this?"

"I was brought here a prisoner—never mind that," said Ray, impatiently; "will you permit me to have this wounded man removed?"

"Impossible, my dear fellow. He is the notorious leader of this villainous gang—an outlaw with a price on his head. I am responsible for his safe delivery into the hands of justice."

"And those hands he will never reach! Do you not see he is dying?" said Ray, passionately.

"Look at him, Chesny, do you think you could bring him to Judgetown in that state? Do you think he would ever reach it alive?"

"Mr. Germaine, I should like to oblige you."

"Do it, then. Let me take him to the cottage, and I will be responsible for his not escaping. Nonsense, Chesny! You see it is impossible for him to be taken further. You must have him taken there. Sure some of you may guard the house if you fear his escaping."

"Be it so, then. Come, boys, construct something to carry this wounded man to Old Barrens Cottage on. Hallo! Miss Lawless, by all that's glorious!" exclaimed the officers as Pet, with Marguerite, appeared from the inner room.

"How do you do, Mr. Chesny? Oh, what a dreadful night this has been!" said Pet, with a shudder. "Good Heavens! is Captain Reginald dead?" she exclaimed, in consternation.

"No; wounded only; he is to be conveyed to Old Barrens Cottage. How in the world did you get here, Miss Pet?"

"Oh, they carried me off. Rozzel Garnet did."

"Well, you are the last he will carry off, I fancy. Here he lies!" said the man, touching the stark, ghastly form slightly with his foot.

"Dead!" said Pet, turning pale.

"Yes; the smuggler-chief there sent a bullet through him the first thing; and served him right, too, for peaching as he did, the mean cuss! Hurry up, boys! Oh! you've got through, I see. Lift him on it, now—gently, gently, there; you have stopped the blood, I see, Germaine; that's right. Hail! whom have we here?" he exclaimed, as his eyes fell on the woman Marguerite, who, white and cold as he by whose side she knelt, held the head of the wounded chief on her breast, and gently wiped the cold sweat off his face. "Who is the woman?"

"His wife," said Ray, in a low tone. "Let her accompany him. Miss Lawless, will you accept my escort from this den of horrors?"

"Oh, Ray! what a night this has been! And oh, I am so sorry, Captain Reginald is wounded. Do you know, I liked him real well!"

Ray made no reply. In silence he drew Pet's arm through his, and she looking at him was almost startled to see his face, so stern, so set, so fearfully white.

The men bearing the wounded form of Captain Reginald had already started from the cave. Marguerite, who had uttered but one passionate exclamation, followed, still and silent, and then came Ray and Pet, with a few of the revenue-officers bringing up the rear. The melancholy procession passed from the gloomy cave, now indeed a cave of horrors, with its bloody and unburied dead; and Pet drew a long, deep breath of intense relief and thankfulness as she stood once more in the open air.

"Let me run on first and tell Erminie," said Pet. "It may startle her if she is not forewarned; and then, if you like, I will ride to Judgetown for the doctor. There can be no danger now."

Ray, who would not leave his father, consented; and Pet darted off over the slippery shingle and up the rocks, like a young mountain deer. The men proceeded slowly with their burden, who lay with his white face upturned in the sad, solemn starlight; and who may tell the bitter, bitter, remorseful thoughts of the dark, sorrowful past, swelling in his proud heart there. Ray and Marguerite, one on each side, were mute, too. He, with his eyes alternately fixed on the ground, and on the wounded man's face, trying to realize the astounding revelations of the night; she looking straight before her into the darkness, with her customary look of fierce, sullen despair, looking what she was—a wretched, broken-hearted woman.

There were lights and a subdued bustle in the cottage when they reached it. Erminie, white and trembling, met them at the door. Pet had told her all so breathlessly, and then had mounted Ray's horse and darted off for Judgetown so quickly, that Erminie even yet only half comprehended what had taken place.

There was no time now for explanation, however. The wounded man was laid on the large, soft lounge in the parlor; and then Chesny, leaving one of his men as guard, more for form's sake than anything else, took his departure.

Where is my grandmother, Erminie?" asked Ray, whose white, stern face, had terrified her from the first.

"In bed."

"Then go up and waken her."

"Waken her at this hour! Why, Ray?"

"Yes; you must, I tell you. Go at once."

Ray's fiercely impatient manner and strange excitement terrified Erminie more and more; but still she ventured to lift up her voice in feeble expostulation.

"What good will it do to arouse her? She can be of no service here."

"Erminie, I tell you, you must!" passionately exclaimed Ray; "else I will go myself. Of no service here! Yonder dying man is her son—her long-lost son—supposed to have been drowned. Will you go, now?"

One moment's astounded pause, and then Erminie flew up-stairs, and entered the aged gipsy's room.

She was lying asleep, but she never slept soundly, and she opened her eyes and looked up as Erminie entered.

"Well, what is the matter?" she said, curiously.

"Oh, grandmother! you must get up!" cried Erminie, in strong agitation. "There is a man down-stairs wishes to see you."

"A man wishing to see me? What do you mean?" asked the gipsy, knitting her dark brows.

"Oh, grandmother! there is news of—of—your son."

"My son! are you going mad, girl?" cried Keturah, getting up on her elbows unassisted, for the first time in years; and glaring upon her with her hollow, lurid eyes.

"Oh, grandmother! grandmother! we were deceived—you were deceived—Ray says he was not drowned."

"Not drowned?" She passed her hand over her face with a bewildered look.

"No; it was a false report. He lives!"

"With a sharp, wild cry—a strange, eerie cry, breaking the dead silence of the night, the woman Keturah strove to rise. The effort was a failure. She fell back, while every feature was distorted with wildest agony.

"Girl! girl! what have you said?" she cried out. "Did you say my son—my Reginald—lives?"

"He does! he lives! He is here to see you once more before he dies," said Ray, entering abruptly. "Hasten, Erminie! there is no time to lose."

He quitted the room as abruptly as he had entered it, and Erminie approached the bed to assist Keturah to dress. The gipsy lay like one stunned, her wild, hollow eyes rolling vacantly, her hands so tightly clenched that the nails sunk into the skin. It was evident she could not yet fully realize or comprehend what she had heard; the words had stunned her, numbing all sense and feeling.

Erminie lost no time in talking. Swiftly she proceeded to array the gipsy in a large, wadded gown, something like a gentleman's *robe de chambre*, of dark, soft woolen stuff. Keturah quietly submitted, breathing hard and fast, and glaring with her wild, unearthly eyes round the room, trying still to realize what she had heard—that her son still lived.

This done, Erminie ran down-stairs and apprised Ray.

"Now, how is she to be taken down-stairs?" she asked. "Remember, she has not left her room for years."

Ray was walking rapidly up and down the room, but paused when the low, sweet voice of Erminie fell on his ear. The Frenchwoman, Marguerite, who was kneeling beside her husband, gazing fixedly upon him, looked up for an instant, and then resumed her unwavering gaze as before.

"I will place her in her chair and carry her down," said Ray, as he took the staircase almost at a bound.

There was little difficulty in doing this; for the gaunt, powerful frame of the once majestic gipsy-queen, wasted and worn by illness and old age, was light and easily lifted, now. Ray took her in his strong arms and placed her gently in her large elbow-chair, and then proceeded to convey her below.

She laid her hand on his arm, and looked up in his face with a piteous look.

"Oh, Ray! what have you told me? Is Reginald living still?"

It was so strange and so sad to hear her—that haughty, fierce, passionate woman—speak in a tone like that, quick tears rushed to the gentle eyes of Erminie.

"Yes, he is living—he is down-stairs; but he has only come here to die!" answered Ray, hurriedly.

"Oh, Reginald! Reginald! Oh, my son! thank God for this!" she passionately cried out.

For many and many a year that sacred name had never crossed her lips. It sent a thrill, now, through the heart of Ray, as he bore her into the room where the wounded man lay.

Who shall describe that meeting? Long, long years of darkest crime and wildest woe had intervened since that lowering, lamentable day on which they had parted last. Years full of change, and sorrow, and sin, and remorse—years that had changed the powerful, passionate, majestic gipsy-queen into the helpless, powerless paralytic she was now—years that had changed the handsome, high-spirited, gallant youth into the bronzed, hardened, guilty man lying there dying—passing slowly out into the dread unknown. Yet, despite time, and change, and years, they knew each other at the first glance.

"Mother," said the smuggler, with a faint, strange smile.

"Oh, my son! my son! Oh, my Reginald! my only son!" was her passionate cry. "Has the great sea given up its dead, that I see you again?"

"You with all the world were deceived, mother. When I am gone, you will learn all. Mother, I have only come here to die."

Her feeble arms were clasped around him; she did not seem to heed his words, as her devouring eyes were riveted on his face. He lay breathing quickly and laboriously, his face full of bitter sadness as he saw the wreck of what had once been his mother. The woman Marguerite had drawn back, and stood gazing on Keturah with a sort of still amazement. Ray was leaning against the mantel, his elbow resting on it, and his face shaded by his dark, falling hair; and Erminie, crouched on a low seat, white and trembling, sat watching all. So they remained for a long time, the dull, heavy ticking of the clock and a death watch on the wall alone breaking the dreary silence. It was an eerie scene and an eerie hour, and a feeling of strange awe made Erminie hold her very breath, wondering how this strange, unnatural silence was to end.

The quick, sharp gallop of horses' feet broke it, at last; and the next instant, Pet, flushed and excited, burst in, followed by the doctor and by Ranty. All paused in the doorway, and stood regarding, with silent wonder, the scene before them.

Ray lifted his head, and going over, touched Keturah on the arm, saying, in a low voice:

"Leave him for a moment; here is the doctor come to examine his wounds."

Her weak arms were easily unclasped, and she permitted herself to be borne away. Of all the strange things that had occurred that night, none seemed stranger to Ray than this sudden and wonderful quietude that had come over his fierce, passionate grandmother.

The doctor approached his patient to examine his wounds, and Pet, going over, began conversing in a low tone with Erminie, telling her how she had encountered Ranty. Ray stood watching the doctor, with interest and anxiety; and as, after a prolonged examination, he arose, he approached him and said, hurriedly:

"Well, doctor?"

The doctor shook his head.

"He may linger two, three days, perhaps, but certainly not longer. Nothing can save him."

withered, blackened hand in his, and looking sadly in the vacant face, that seemed striving to comprehend what had stunned her and bewildered her so strangely.

His voice recalled her again, and she turned her hollow eyes upon him. Awful eyes they were—like red-hot coals in a bleached skull.

"Mother, listen to me. I have but a short time to live, and I cannot die till I learn if you have kept your vow of vengeance, made long ago against Lord De Courcy."

"I have! I have!" she exclaimed, rousing to something like her old fierceness. "Oh, Reginald! you have been avenged. I have wrung drops of blood from their hearts, even as they wrung them from mine. Yes, yes! I have avenged you! They, too, know what it is to lose a child!"

"Mother! mother! what have you done?" "I stole their child! their infant daughter! the heiress of all the De Courcys, the last of her line! Yes, I stole her!" She fairly shrieked now, with blazing eyes. "I vowed to bring her up in sin and pollution, and I would have done so, too, if I had not been stricken with a living death. Oh, Reginald! your mother avenged you! A child for a child! They banished you, and I stole their heir!"

"Oh, mother! mother! what is this you have done—where is that child now?"

"Yonder!" cried the gipsy, with a sort of fierce, passionate cry, pointing one shaking finger toward the terrified Erminie; "there she stands; Erminie Seyton, the heiress of the Earl and Countess De Courcy. The daughter of an earl has tolled like a menial for your mother, Reginald, all her life. There she stands, the lost daughter and heiress of Lord De Courcy!"

An awful silence fell for a moment on all, broken first by the impetuous Ranty Lawless. "Lord and Lady De Courcy! why, they are here in America—in Baltimore, now. Good heavens! can our Erminie be anything to them? Oh, I knew she was; I saw the likeness the very first moment we met."

"Who says Lord and Lady De Courcy are here?" cried the smuggler, half-rising himself in his excitement.

"I do!" said Ranty, stepping forward; "they came out in our ship, and I was with them as far as Washington city. Last night, I learned that they had arrived at Baltimore, where a friend of Lady De Courcy's, an Englishman, is residing."

All he had heard, all that had passed before, nothing had affected him like that. His chest rose and fell with his loud, hard, labored breathing, and his face, white before, was livid now as that of the dead.

"So near! so near! Can it be that I will see her once more? And her child here, too; where is she? I must see her!"

Ray, who had listened like one transfixed to his grandmother's revelations, made a motion to Erminie to approach. Unable to comprehend or realize what she had heard, she came over and sunk down on her knees beside him. He took her hand in his and pushed back the pale, golden hair off her brow, and gazed long and earnestly in her pale but wondrous lovely young face.

"Her father's eyes and hair, and features; her mother's form and expression; the noble brow and regal bearing of her father's race spiritualized and softened. Yes, a true De Courcy, and yet like her mother, too. Ray, come here."

He went over and took his place beside Erminie.

"Do you know she is your sister, your mother's child?" asked the wounded man.

"I know it now; I did not before," was the awe-struck answer.

"You have heard she is in Baltimore?"

"I have."

"Then go there, immediately; ride as you never did before in your life, and tell them all. Bring her here; I would see her again before I die."

Ray started to his feet.

"Tell her who you are, yourself—her son; it will be better so. When they learn their long-lost daughter is here, they will need no incentive to make them haste. One act of justice must be rendered before I die."

"Let me accompany you," said Ranty, as Ray started from the house. "I know exactly where to find them. Saints and angels! where will the revelations of this night end?"

There was no reply from Ray; he could make none; his brains were whirling as if mad. He sprang on his horse; Ranty followed, and in another instant they were flying on like the wind toward Judestown.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 290.)

FORSAKEN.

BY D. B. M.

Forsaken, deserted, thus to stray,
Lonely on life's rugged way—
Left mid sorrow, woe and pain,
Solled by sin's blotted stain.
Wanderer lone, shall thy hard lot
E'er to memory be forgot?

Left thus, shall no friend be near
To wipe away the falling tear?
Or sympathy, with her tender hand,
Soothe thee with her magic wand?
Deserted! On life's tempestuous wave,
Dost one heart crave thy soul to save?

Cast on the rocks where dashing spray
Doth shower its mist and ebb away,
Thy soul with deepening sorrow sear,
No haven of rest where it might flee,
And will no helping hand be near,
To shield thee in the hour of fear?

A fugitive from thy fatherland—
Forsaken by thy kindred band,
Deep is the anguish of thy heart,
And no dear one to bear a part—
To share with the forsaken one
The trials, on life's journey just begun!

Forsaken! and by all!
Made to drink life's bitterest gall?
No, not by all! It cannot be,
As long as sympathy shall be free;
And a God above, so just, so true,
Will, wanderer, see thee safely through!

Vials of Wrath: OR, THE GRAVE BETWEEN THEM.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,
AUTHOR OF "TWO GIRLS' LIVES," "LOVE-
BLIND," "OATH BOUND," "BARBARA'S
FATE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ASSAILING THE CITADEL.

ETHEL'S life at Mrs. Argelyne's was still running in the same groove of quiet restfulness, content and deepening happiness. Her round of duties, well performed, and executed promptly, left her hours of her own time, which she improved by a course of instructive reading, and attending to her music and singing. She thus kept pace with the outside world, while its gossamer and dissipations had no charms for her, and did not interfere with her little world at home. She went out occa-

sionally; when Mrs. Argelyne insisted, and Leslie Verne particularly requested. She was always elegantly though simply attired, after Mrs. Argelyne's style, and her quiet refinement of manner, her sweet, unobtrusive, high-bred ways, her capability of both entertaining and being entertained, made her a favorite among the more intelligent, exclusive men and women whom she met.

It was known that she was a widow, although she had removed her mourning—her deep mourning—at the end of six months; and the black silks, and cashmeres, and laces she wore were scarcely distinguishable from other fashionable toilets.

Had Ethel consulted her own tastes she would hardly have left off her garb of sorrow so soon, so promptly; but her friend, her benefactor, had asked her if she would not—and Leslie had said, more than once, that it oppressed him strangely to see her so gravely attired; and, somehow, she liked to please Leslie—and Mrs. Argelyne; they had both been so good to her.

So, the somber, crape-trimmed dresses were laid aside, and Ethel wore dainty jets and all the elegant adornments sanctioned in second mourning, while away down in her heart she found that the keen, piercing grief was gone—merging daily into a quiet, grave memory, dearly though she had loved her husband—truly, fondly as she ever would respect his memory.

They saw a great deal of Leslie—Ethel and Mrs. Argelyne, and the natural consequence was an intimacy between the two young people that never would have been engendered by less homelike social intercourse.

Day by day added to the all-absorbing love of Leslie for Ethel. At his home, among all the silent splendor, all the pompous array of a good old English pride—her sweet face continually haunted him, and he knew with a certainty, that his judgment approved strongly, that the one, only thing needful to the perfect completion of his earthly happiness, was the love and presence of Ethel Havelstock.

He watched her from time to time with an eagerness he could barely restrain; watched, waited for a sign that his love had compelled hers.

He had made up his mind never to give up; he was determined to woo and win her for his wife, if human power, aided by a Divine blessing he did not fail daily to implore on his hopes and aspirations, could accomplish the result.

It was plain enough to Mrs. Argelyne—the truth of her nephew's love for the girl she already hoped would be her kinswoman, even if Leslie's lips had not confessed it. She saw how his fair face flushed at the sound of Ethel's footsteps; how his blue eyes lighted with a worshiping tenderness as he listened to her low tones or his sweet, girlish laughter. As yet, Ethel was blind and deaf; but the magic touch was close at hand—and it came in a curiously fateful way, although how very intimately it concerned her, Ethel did not know at the time.

It had been a perfect day—an Indian summer day in mid November, when even New York city reveled in the warm sunshine, and saw the red-gold, balmy haze in the quiet air, and enjoyed the deep, intense blue of the cloudless sky. A day that makes its influence felt, even amid the throngs on Broadway, or the gay promenaders of Union Square; a day that is enjoyed in the country, where one may hear the thud of the chestnuts and walnuts as they fall, or watch a gorged, hued leaf, arrayed for its grave, with slow, gracefully, almost reluctantly from the mother-tree, where an infinite peace and a subdued restfulness seem to encompass one, and one feels that simply to live is the greatest boon God bestows on mortals.

To Ethel Havelstock, such days as this exquisitely perfect autumn day, always brought a slight tinge of tender yearning for something, she knew not what, a vague, intense longing that troubled her, possibly because she was not conscious of her prime need.

This day, her duties over, she had seen Mrs. Argelyne drive off in her carriage, for an hour among the crimson and gold, the royal purple and the flaming red of the Park. She had gone up to her rooms, where a low, cheery fire was burning in the silver grate, and threw open her shutters that permitted a view of the autumn glories in Mrs. Argelyne's garden.

She drew a little red rocking-chair beside the window, and sat down in perfect idleness—a luxury that was a luxury, because she seldom permitted it.

She had sat there for half an hour, perhaps, when Mrs. Argelyne's maid tapped lightly on her door, then entered, in obedience to Ethel's low, sweet "come in."

"Mr. Verne is in the library, Mrs. Havelstock. He says he wishes you would come down if you are not particularly engaged."

Ethel arose at once.

"I will go right down, Bessie. As soon as Mrs. Argelyne returns tell her, please."

She went down-stairs, her skirts trailing on the velvet carpet with a low rustle that Leslie Verne heard in the library as he stood by the long writing-table, with a thrill of every nerve in his body, that deepened into an almost unrestrainable tenderness as Ethel came into the room, so fair, so self-possessed, so graceful and easy in her welcome.

Verne extended his hand and Ethel laid hers in it—warm, pulsing with vitality.

"Your aunt is driving in the Park, Leslie, but I think I can entertain you; at all events, I shall make the attempt."

"You know how thoroughly I enjoy these delightful little *tetes a tetes* of ours. This will be an especial Godsend, as I came to see aunt Helen on business, and did not anticipate such a pleasure. I suppose you have seen these?"

He handed her a large, heavy white envelope, square in form, and with a monogram that at first Ethel could not decipher, on the reverse side.

He drew a chair near the low gate fire for Ethel, then remained standing himself, leaning an elbow on the low marble mantel, and feasting his eyes on the girl who was carelessly endeavoring to trace the individual letters of the monogram.

"Mrs. Argelyne declines so many invitations that I feel quite assured she will not honor this wedding unless the parties are very intimate friends. I have not heard her speak of any forthcoming wedding."

She took the cards out and ran her eyes over them.

"Mr. John Lexington and Miss Ida Wynne. I have seen Miss Wynne, I think; she was a friend of Frank's."

She was grave, but Leslie observed, with a thrill of satisfaction, that she did not seem agitated.

"I have met the lady once or twice, I think. She is a very pretty, insipid little girl, with a large fortune—a relative, I think, of Mrs. Theodore Lexington, of Tanglewood, where she has resided for several months."

"She has a beautiful home; I hope she will

be happy with her choice. 'John Lexington,' a relative of Mrs. Lexington, evidently, I never have heard of him before."

It was so strange—that quiet, indifferent conversation about her own living husband, the villain who had so deliberately wrecked her life; so strange to be reading his wedding cards, and never to know, by any delicate intuition, that it was so.

"I hope they will be happy—as happy as I was. I could ask no higher favor for any one."

She placed the cards in their envelope again and laid them on the table, Leslie looking at her with eager, wistful eyes.

"Happy as you were, Ethel, do you despair of ever enjoying life as well again?"

"I have never thought of it. I am very contented, and consequently measurably happy now."

Her face was grave, quiet, serene; and Verne thought he never saw so pure, so sweet a one.

"Your position here is certainly desirable— aunt Helen has the enviable faculty of making every one happier with whom she comes in contact. But, Ethel, have you no intention of ever changing this mode of life?"

She looked up quickly, her brown eyes full of wonderment.

"Change? is not Mrs. Argelyne satis—"

Verne interrupted her passionately.

"Mrs. Argelyne is out of the question. I am talking of yourself, Ethel. Surely, surely you must know what I mean; I have waited so long, so long to ask you to come to me; to tell you I love you better and better every day—that I never gave you up. Ethel, I want you. I can offer you all the wealth you will grace so perfectly; I will make your life one long, sunny day—God helping me, if you will only let me. Ethel, my darling, will you be my own precious wife?"

His fair face was full of intensest beseeching. His eyes glowed with the feeling that could no longer be forbidden utterance; his firm, white, strong hands caught Ethel's in their grasp, with a tight hold that showed his earnestness.

A puzzled look came into the girl's eyes, then, a momentary expression of regretful pain. Last and permanent was a pitying, tender glow.

"Oh, Leslie! I thought you had forgotten all that. I did not know you were so loyal, so patient, so true."

"But I am—you see I am, my darling. And I want my reward from your sweet lips this moment. Tell me you are my promised bride."

Her hands fluttered in his firm hold; then, over her face surged a scarlet wave, and she averted her head.

"Oh, no! I cannot, indeed I cannot. Not that I am indifferent to the honor you pay me—"

He interrupted her sharply.

"Don't speak of any honor I pay you, Ethel! All I ask is to have you tell me to accept the blessing of your love. Speak, Ethel!"

But she did not answer, and the doubt in his eyes deepened into positive anguish.

"Can it be possible that I am distasteful to you? You don't hate me?"

She turned her face suddenly at that.

"How can you imagine such a dreadful thing?"

He came a step nearer; she heard his quick, eager breathing.

"Then tell me this. Can you ever, do you think, learn to love me?"

She dropped her eyes under the piercing light of his and again the delicious tide of carnation rushed under her thin, fair skin.

"I cannot say. You are a dear friend, and I think—that I am sure I am not indifferent to you, but—"

Her sweet confusion intoxicated him like a draught of wine; a smile of unspeakable tenderness illumined his noble countenance.

"Thank you, my darling, for so much encouragement. Only do not dampen me with that wretched alternative your word suggests. What was it? 'But' what, Ethel?"

"If you knew how it hurts me to say it, Leslie! I meant to say I could not—so soon—"

He never had seen her so confused before; and from it he was glad to succeed.

"I know it is soon to you," he said, gently; "but think how long it has been to me! Think again, Ethel, and see if there isn't a 'yes' for me, away down in your heart."

She felt his strong hands quiver over her own; she knew his eager eyes were two exponents of his honest, earnest, pleading heart; and his patient waiting, his manly wooing was in his favor.

She raised her eyes, grave, sweet, with a trembling, uncertain glory in them.

"Give me until to-morrow. To-morrow I will tell you positively."

"May God incline your heart toward me."

And his simple reverence touched her to the very soul.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE WOVEN WEB.

THE wedding at Tanglewood was the social event of the season, the preparations being of the most elaborate character.

The ceremony was performed in the chapel connected with the Lexington estates, and according to the solemnly impressive and beautiful ritual of the Episcopal church. The altar was decorated with exquisite flowers, and the officiating clergymen were in full canonicals. After the ceremony, carriages in waiting, with footmen and coachmen in the Tanglewood livery, and ornamented with bridal favors, conveyed the guests to the mansion, where the reception was held, from one until three o'clock.

Tanglewood had never looked so passing fair as on the day when Ida Wynne went forth from its roof the bride of Ethel Havelstock's husband. Although winter-time, with leafless trees and brown frozen earth, the state apartments were blooming with flowers, that were arranged wherever flowers could be placed. The bay windows were banks of solid carnations of brightest pink, with the bridal pair's initials in tube roses. Festoons of double violets, smilax and perfumery woodbine reached around the room. Wreaths of jasmine, heliotrope and mignonette were trimmed around the costly statuary and the paintings, and among the crystal and glass chandeliers, which were brilliantly lighted, the heavy damask curtains being drawn, and the outside shutters closed, thus effectually shutting out a glimpse of daylight.

The bride wore the regulation dress of white satin, point lace and orange flowers. She was radiant with happiness, and the delightful excitement lent an added beauty to her bright eyes and woodrose complexion.

The groom, in stereotyped black and white, was himself, to a demonstration; cool, courteous, self-possessed; the admiration of all the women present, with a solitary exception; and the exception was Mrs. Argelyne.

The hostess, charming Mrs. Lexington, had never been so beautiful, her husband thought, with throbbing heart and pulsing veins, as she leaned on his arm, so near, so awfully divided, and received congratulations for Ida and her husband, also on his own return.

Georgia had disapproved of this marriage, and had said so at the first. Then, seeing that her opinion could make no difference, she decided, in her prudent, sensible way, to have everything as pleasant as possible, since it was an inevitable affair. Of her husband's generosity to Havelstock she had cared nothing; Tanglewood was his own, and the half of it was an ample fortune. She was not of a selfish disposition, and had she been, such selfishness would have been overcome by the great trials of her life, by the one great yearning want of her existence—her husband's affection.

She had dressed for this wedding with more earnest desire to commend herself to Lexington's eyes than the bride had felt toward her husband; and when Theodore knocked at her dressing room door to escort her to the carriage, she looked deprecatingly at him, with a wistfulness in her eyes that was touching.

And while her beauty, her grace, enhanced by her magnificent toilet of pearl gray silk, thick, heavy, lustrous, with an overdress of almost priceless lace, with fire-hearted rubies and scintillating diamonds glowing at her round, white throat, on her dainty wrists, in her hair, while this splendid beauty smote him in an agony of mad passion, and made him shiver with pain that so horrible a gift divided them, while Georgia stood a second in mute waiting for a possible ray of hope, he only bowed, and offered his arm courteously.

It was a terrible trial for her—that entire day. Compelled to attend to her guests; obliged to appear pleasant and smiling, the while her heart was bearing a woe whose bitter burden only herself knew.

Yet she realized that the weight of misery was lighter than it had been. She was positively conscious that the knowledge of Carleton Vinciy's absence from the vicinity had lightened her sorrows. She believed, with the perfect trustfulness of a woman who was incapable of lying and treachery, that Carleton Vinciy was as good as his word; that the three weeks' absence that had already taken place was proof positive of her theory.

This knowledge, and the horror it removed from her, and the restfulness it afforded her, was visible in her manner, her countenance, unconscious though she was of it; while Lexington wondered if, at last, she was growing reprieved and subdued.

All that busy, bustling day, Georgia filled her position most admirably, warming every heart toward her in profound admiration, and winning more than one friendship that lasted all through her after life.

It was very grateful to her—these earnest, quiet friendships that came straight from warm, loving women's hearts, straight to her own, so desolate, so pitifully capable of developing affection.

And her husband saw this, with fierce, sharp distress—saw that Georgia charmed every one as she fascinated him, unconsciously. He noted the affinity that sprang up in a moment when he personally presented Mrs. Argelyne and his wife, and left them conversing in the delightful way both were so well versed in.

Georgia was charmed with her husband's friend; perhaps not less on account of Mrs. Argelyne's sweetness and unaffected simplicity of manner than that she was the friend of her husband, and thus was invested with a pitiful sacredness on Lexington's account.

At the close of the festivities, when the bride and groom had been an hour or so off on their tour, and nearly all the guests had been conveyed to the little rustic station, Mrs. Argelyne came to Georgia as she stood in the reception-room, at her post, to receive the adieus of the guests.

Mr. Lexington had just escorted a party of ladies to their barouche, and he re-entered the room at the same second as did Mrs. Argelyne.

"I have to thank you for the pleasure you have permitted me to enjoy, Mrs. Lexington. I think you know I am unusually in earnest when I ask for a speedy reciprocation of visits. Mr. Lexington, may I have your promise to bring your wife to see me very soon?"

She was so simple, so frank in her invitation, Lexington bowed as he answered:

"Mrs. Lexington and I visit very little, but if we go anywhere your house shall be the first."

Georgia's heart gave a bound of exquisite happiness as she caught a glance from her husband's eyes—a peculiarly expressive glance, that was freer from distrust, coldness, contempt than she had seen of late weeks.

Her own eyes lighted gloriously in answer, and a genuinely happy smile parted her lips. Mrs. Argelyne went up to her and kissed her affectionately, and Lexington felt a curious thrill of jealousy, that a woman even dared take what he dared not, yet what was his own.

Then she departed, and while Lexington, disturbed by strong feelings for which he could scarcely account, retired to his room to think of nothing but Georgia, she, disappointed, weary, yet hopeful in spirit to a measure, went by herself into the conservatory, where the dim, soft lights burning in their ground globes, the delicate perfume of living, blooming flowers, the soft splash of the fountain, the gleam of the emerald foliage, were restful and grateful alike to mind and sense, after the noise, the glare, the excitement.

She closed the glass-door after her, through which she saw the servants, under Mrs. Robinson's direction, dismantling the drawing-rooms of their bridal array. Then, to more effectually shut all the sound out, she dropped the light green silken curtains, and returned to her seat under a wide-spreading orange tree.

She made a picture as she sat there, so quietly, so gracefully, her silvery silk dress gleaming lightly in the mellow gaslight, the exquisitely filmy lace of her overdress looking like cobwebs of white spun silk.

She had seated herself in an attitude of careless, unconscious grace, with her eyes bent to the mossy sward around the fountain, in thoughtful, not wholly hopeless meditation, and the subject was a possible reunion some time or other with her husband.

So there she sat, half reclining, wholly absorbed in her sweet, pure, wisely thought, all unconscious of a pair of gleaming eyes glaring fiercely upon her with the glare of unalloyed admiration, all unconscious of the presence of Carleton Vinciy, who, at Havelstock's—she shall call him Havelstock to the end—suggestion had easily gained ingress to the conservatory during the absence of the bridal party in the dining saloons. He had secreted himself among the tall, tropical plants, waiting patiently for the departure of the guests, and at the same time, through the glass door, keeping an eye to Georgia's movements.

While she had been bidding Mrs. Argelyne adieu in the reception-room, he had been tempted to leave his place of concealment for another, nearer the grand drawing room, where

he thought she would go, if only for a moment. But Havelstock's positive assurance that the conservatory, and especially the low divan by the orange bower, was Georgia's favorite and customary resort every evening, had induced him to remain—to be rewarded beyond his expectations.

He had seen her enter, and sit wearily down. He had seen her draw the curtains between her and the dining-room; and he had seen her reseat herself in the full, restful belief that she was entirely alone.

His bold eyes took a sinister gleam as he stepped silently forward—straight in front of her.

She started, looked up, and whitened to the very lips.

"Carleton Vinciy! you told me I never should see you again!"

"I know it—but I was obliged to alter my intentions. If I have alarmed you, I am sincerely sorry."

He spoke in a low voice, that had in it that which smote her with a vague sense of impending evil.

"You have broken your oath. You have committed a perjury that can be excused on no possible grounds. But you have secured my money, and it is to be presumed that is all you wanted."

She arose from her seat, as if her remaining seated conferred too much honor upon him.

Her face was white, not with absolute fear, so much as the foreboding of awe his lying presence caused her.

"That is not all I want, Georgia. You know as well as I do that I cannot leave you, when I love you so. Those kisses from your sweet lips the other night have whetted my appetite for more—and I came to night to urge my suit anew, to assure you I shall never give you up."

He took a step nearer her; she drew her haughty figure to its fullest height.

"Be careful how you insult me again. Remember I am under my own roof—that servants are within the sound of my voice, that my husband needs but an alarm from my voice to come instantly to me."

He smiled coolly.

"Allow me to correct you by assuring you that I took the liberty of cutting yonder bell-rope several hours ago—while you were at dinner. Consequently your large retinue of servants are infeasible."

Georgia glanced at the bell-rope—it was swaying, tassels, far above her head. A sudden horror leaped into her eyes, and Vinciy saw it, triumphantly.

As to your summoning Mr. Lexington—that I do not apprehend. It would be confirmation of his worst suspicions if he found me here, which I swear he shall do, unless you promise me to revoke your cruel decision, and give me the opportunities I shall demand, of seeing you."

There was no mistaking the evil glare of his eyes—eyes that had been handsome once, that were repellent now with all the unfettered lawlessness of his nature.

Georgia felt the deathly faintness increase, and leaned heavily against the trunk of the orange tree for support.

"I swear it—and you shall learn that I can keep an oath with a vengeance! Tell me you love me—give me a word of encouragement—or, by all the powers of Satan I will crush you in Lexington's estimation forever! He half-believes you guilty now, in his senseless jealousy, which you know is causeless as far as you are concerned; and he shall know it, in ten minutes now, if you spurn me again!"

BACHELOR'S HALL.

Bachelor's Hall! What a quare-lookin' place it is! Kape me from sich all the days of my life! Sure, but I think what a burnin' disgrace it is, Iver at all to be gettin' a wife.

See the old bachelor, gloomy and sad enough, Placing his tay-kettle over the fire? Soon it tips over—St. Patrick he's mad enough (If he were present) to fight wid the squire.

Then, like a hog in a mortar-bed wallowing, Awkward enough, see him kn'ading his dough! Troth! If the bread he could ate without swallowin'—

How it would favor his palate, you know! His dish-cloth is missin'—the pigs are devouring it.

In the pursuit he has battered his shin; A plate wanted washin'—Grimalkin is securin' it, Thunder and turf! what a pickle he's in!

His male bein' over, the table's left sittin' so; Dishes, take care of yourselves, if you can! But hunger return, then he's rumin' an' frettin' so.

Och! Let him alone for a baste of a man! Pots, dishes, pans, and sich gr'asy commodities, Ashes and prata-skins kiver the floor; His cupboard's a storehouse o' comical adities, Such as had niver been neighbors before.

Late in the night he goes to bed shiverin', Niver the bit is the bed made at all! He crapes like a terrapin under the kiverin'— Bad luck to the picter of Bachelor's Hall!

Happy Harry,

THE WILD BOY OF THE WOODS;
OR,
The Pirates of the Northern Lakes.

BY OLL COOMES.

AUTHOR OF "IDAHO TOM," "DAKOTA DAN,"
"BOWIE-KNIFE BEN," "OLD HURRICANE,"
"HAWKEYE HARRY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.—CONTINUED.

"Now, my friends," said Major Van Horne, turning to Harry and Davy, "you fellows must be tired and hungry. I will order you a bite of such as soldiers have to eat, especially on the march, then you can rest. Your horses will receive proper attention, so you may consider yourselves guests in our camp, to exercise yourselves at pleasure."

"Thank you, major, for your kindness," replied Harry, "but will you permit me to inquire the cause of that firing we heard off here awhile ago?"

"Our advance-guard got into a brush with a party of savages, though nothing fatal, so far as we have learned, occurred."

"We heard the noise, but didn't know what it meant. But, major, I'm afraid if old Brock comes this way with his avalanche of soldiers and Ingins, he'll gobble you all up."

"We expect to break camp by evening, at furthest. We are here to convey a train of supplies, coming down the lake, to its destination south. A messenger arrived in camp this morning with information that the train would reach the creek about the middle of the day, or soon after. My only fears have been of the Indians, but if the British army is as close as you say, we may have trouble from their advance-guards before we get in. Have they cavalry?"

"Till you can't rest," was the laconic reply.

"Then the chances are favorable for some fighting before we get back, if not before we get away from here. If I thought we were in danger, I would send to Colonel Miller for reinforcements."

"Well, major, if there's any fighting to do, count me and Belshazzar, my dog, in on it; and, I tell you, we're numerous, too, when it comes to fightin'; we'll figure up to about six common Englishmen, we will, for a square up and down fact."

"And chalk me down one, too, major," said old Davy; "I'm pizen to red-coats and red-skins, and can fetch one further'n any other man on the peninsula."

"Have you anything to back that?" asked a stalwart borderman standing within ear-shot; "have you anything that says I can't beat any man in the camp on an off-hand shot? If ye have, spit it right out, and old Iron Hand'll cover it, and try you one, two, or as many shots as you want."

"Wal, stranger, I don't know what your caliber is; you look as though you might be real handy with a rifle," replied old Davy; "I'm no great shakes at shootin', I'll admit, but here's my rifle that says you can be beat."

"Let's shake on that, stranger," said Iron Hand, the scout, and the two frontiersmen clasped hands over the bet.

By this time no little excitement prevailed in consequence of what was likely to prove a source of amusement. The soldiers gathered around the two old bordermen, eager for the sport. They bet freely on the men, Iron Hand standing two to one against old Davy.

"You hear the bet, men?" Iron Hand exclaimed, turning to the soldiers, and upon receiving an affirmative reply, he continued, addressing Davy: "now, friend Davy, choose your mark and distance—no difference to me what it is."

Davy hastily ran his eyes around him, up among the tree-tops, up at the sky, but shook his head in a dissatisfied manner. He could see nothing upon which to test the skill of Iron Hand, and for several moments stood in a sort of a "brown" study; then he turned to Major Van Horne, and asked:

"Major, how long have you been here in camp?"

"Not over two hours."

"I thought not."

"Don't back down, Davy, and try to talk the matter off," said Iron Hand.

"Never, Iron Hand," replied the old trapper, advancing to where his opponent stood, and pointing up among the branches at a little forked bough, quite conspicuous on account of its blood-red leaves; "you see that limb, don't you, with the red leaves?"

"I'd be blind if I didn't see it," replied Iron Hand.

"Wal, now, I'll select that as a target, and bet that if you can cut the left limb off with a bullet, I can cut the right limb off and draw blood—both with the same bullet."

"Durn sich a bet; I don't understand it," said Iron Hand. "Explain yer meannin'."

"Take me just as I say, and you'll git at the meannin'; I'll bet you I can shoot that left limb off and draw blood, and that you can't. That's plain enough."

A puzzled look mounted the faces of the soldiers, and they exchanged inquiring glances.

"Some 'sell' to that," began a bystander, but before he could finish the sentence, Iron Hand broke in:

"All right, Davy, I'll take you, and throwing his rifle to his shoulder, he fired, cutting the designated twig off as smooth as though it had been done with a knife.

"Well done," exclaimed old Davy, "and now here goes for blood," and he drew his long rifle to his shoulder and glanced along the barrel; but he did not fire. He changed his posi-

tion—aimed again, and again shifted his position slightly, and then fired.

Simultaneous, almost, with the crash of the rifle, an unearthly shriek was heard out in the tree-tops, a hundred yards, or more, from where they stood, and as the severed limb came fluttering to the earth, a human body went crashing down among the branches and fell, with a heavy thud, upon the ground.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE BATTLE OF BROWNSTOWN CREEK.

The soldiers, as well as Iron Hand himself, looked aghast.

Old Davy broke into a hearty laugh, for he well understood the result of his shot; he had killed a red-skin spy! He had discovered the warrior in a tree-top when looking around for a bird or an object upon which to test Iron Hand's marksmanship, and keeping the fact to himself, made the bet he did upon the strength of his discovery.

The savage had ensconced himself there before the command came up, in order to watch the movements of Van Horne, and to gain some knowledge of the strength of his force. He was found to be in war-paint, which was evidence of his having been on the war-path, and which also justified Davy in shooting him.

Although it was rather an extraordinary affair, and the bet made in the spirit of fun by the two bordermen, the stakes were awarded Davy, amid shouts of applause; and Iron Hand offered up his gun. But of course Davy refused to take it, saying:

"I'll loan it to you awhile, Iron Hand; take good care of it, for I'll bet it's an ole raker from-taw; besides, I think you'll need it to pluck British pink-coats with—there! by Jerusalem!"

The far-off report of a rifle sounded suddenly through the woods, starting every man.

"What can that mean?" asked Major Van Horne.

"More skrimmagin', I reckon," responded Iron Hand.

"Have you scouts out beyond the creek, major?" asked Happy Harry.

"We have picket-guards posted in the woods beyond the creek."

"I believe I'll make a little scout off that way, general, if you've no objection," the youth remarked.

"None, whatever."

Harry, accompanied by his dog, crossed the creek and plunged into the woods. Shortly after his departure Iron Hand and Davy went out to reconnoiter.

Happy Harry was gone an hour when he came running into camp, almost out of breath, his face flushed with wild excitement. He ran directly toward Major Van Horne's quarters, and was met by the commandant, who had been eagerly watching for his return.

"Great, hoppin' hornits, major!" the boy cried, "the British are comin'! A body of not less than two or three hundred infantry and cavalry, with one or two pieces of artillery, are within three miles of here this holy minute; they are, for a fact."

"Are you sure of this, Harry?" the major asked, in no little excitement.

"There's no denyin' it, major; it's a gospel truth."

"Then we must prepare to meet them."

"Yes, and don't lose a minute, major, for the bloody varmint are comin' lickety-split."

Instantly the call to arms resounded through the camp. The rush of feet, the murmur of subdued voices, the command of officers, and the tramp of hooved feet succeeded the hitherto quiet of the camp.

The soldiers were eager for the conflict, each man believing that he was equal to two or three British. They were brave, reckless fellows, most of whom had been trained to Indian fighting, and would hear to no other alternative but to fight the advancing foe; and so Major Van Horne resolved to give battle.

A company of fifty men were detailed to take charge of the horses and act as a reserve. Then the main body forded the creek and took up a position behind the northern bank, which afforded an admirable shelter.

Scarcely had the Americans thus been posted when firing between their pickets and the enemies' advance guard began. It was kept up for some time, sharp and decisive, when the American outposts were all driven rapidly back on the main body and compelled to seek shelter behind the bank.

A death-like stillness succeeded the disappearance of the soldiers behind the embankment. The enemy's advance guard halted in the wood beyond sight. A hundred and fifty heads were ranged along just above the edge of the bank; the same number of gleaming rifles rested on the earth with their muzzles pointed northward, and still the same number of pairs of gleaming eyes watched for a glimpse of the foe.

Happy Harry and old Davy were there in the ranks, ready for the fray. None watched the coming of the foe with calmer courage than did the boy hero.

Not a word escaped the soldiers' lips. All was silence save the rippling of the creek over its stony bed and the soft murmur of the trees.

But, suddenly, the tramp of many feet and the crash of undergrowth were heard in the woods. Then the gleam of bayonets in the bright sun, and the flash of the foe's scarlet uniform amid the green of the woods burst upon the view of the Americans. With steady tramp the enemy advanced toward the creek, and when only twenty paces from the bank the command to fire was given by Major Van Horne.

All along the American line a stream of fire spit forth, and a curtain of smoke rolled up between the foes as if to shut from view the scene of destruction that must have followed such a withering volley from the rifles of cool, determined soldiers.

The British discharged their muskets at the unexpected foe, then fell rapidly back under cover of the woods, leaving the ground strewn with dead and dying comrades.

The horrors of war were now, for the first time, fully presented to Happy Harry's eyes. His young heart shuddered at the sight of so many dead, and the agonizing screams and piteous moans, the horrible oaths and the fervent prayers of the wounded and dying.

Not an American had been injured, and the shout of triumph that pealed from their lips fairly shook the earth beneath them.

The enemy soon recovered from their first repulse, and reinforced by a company of regulars that came up at this juncture, they again advanced. As they neared the edge of the woods they made a dash, with fixed bayonets, for the creek, intending to carry the American defense by storm; but they were again met by such a deadly fire that they were again driven back in disorder under cover of the woods.

Scores of their men went down before the withering volley. The front rank fell like grain before the sickle. The ground was

strewn with English dead, and the cries of the wounded and the yells of the victors rent the air.

Harry heartily wished that the attack would not be repeated.

The English fell back some distance and again reformed their broken lines and filled up their thinned ranks from a company of mounted infantry that had been held back as a reserve.

A consultation of the British officers was now held, for some were in favor of renewing the attack and others of falling back and waiting the arrival of the entire army advancing under General Brock.

Said one favoring the latter movement:

"I believe old Hull's whole army is behind that bank."

"Impossible. There can't be over three hundred men," replied another.

"Can't we get a gun into position so as to rake the stream? I hate for five hundred of us strong to give up the battle to a hundred or two Yankees," said the general in command of the army.

"General, I assure you the Americans have twice our number behind that bank, with a reserve in the woods beyond; and probably half a dozen batteries ready to rake us should we succeed in making a stand on the bank. How do they know but what this is Brock's whole army? and if they supposed it was, two or three hundred men would not be battling with a thousand. Yes, general, there's more than three hundred Americans behind that bank."

"General," said a captain of infantry, stepping up to the commandant, "furnish me a horse and I will settle this matter—I will know whether there is a hundred or a thousand of the enemy behind that bank."

"That," replied the general, "is the very information we want, and there is my horse."

The captain turned, and leaping into the saddle gathered up the reins, and then dashed away through the woods toward the American lines. He rode boldly and rashly up to the very edge of the bank, and leaning forward in the stirrups, looked over the bank, and ran his burning, flashing eyes up and down the stream, saw all that he wished to with a sweeping glance—that there was but a handful of Americans behind the embankment. His eyes, as they swept along that gleaming line of orbs turned upon him, encountered those of Happy Harry. They even rested for a moment on those of the youth, for each one recognized the other.

The British officer was Captain Kirby Kale!

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE PRICE OF GLORY.

The reckless Kirby Kale scarcely checked the speed of his horse, so quick did he wheel upon the bank, glance over the edge, then dash away toward the woods with his information. But before he had gone a dozen paces both he and his horse sunk to earth riddled with bullets.

Happy Harry saw him fall, and turning to Old Davy, who stood at his side, said:

"There, Davy, my dear friend, Long Beard, is safe."

Five minutes after the fall of Kirby Kale the British again advanced, reinforced by a large band of savages, whose blood-curdling yells did more to strike fear to the hearts of the Americans than the bristling bayonets of the English. The fight now became desperate. The enemy pressed on to the very muzzle of the American rifles, and a few succeeded in getting over the bank to meet a certain death. Major Van Horne's reserve coming up put the enemy to rout for the third time.

"Charge! Charge!" thundered the voice of the commander, as he saw the enemy turn and flee, and in an instant the Americans swarmed out from behind their breastworks and started in pursuit of the foe. But victory had not yet been purchased. The savages now, from their concealments, opened a deadly fire upon them, checking their advance, and giving the English a chance to rally and return to the conflict.

A terrible hand-to-hand encounter now ensued. Both sides fought desperately—one flushed with partial victory, the other with that desperation upon which life and victory are staked.

And Happy Harry was in the hottest of the struggle. Men fell around him on all sides. The terrible eyes of the enemy glared into his very face. He could see that awful look which the heat and excitement of battle gives to the human face and features. The soul was transformed to that of a maddened demon in each warrior. He seemed drawn on to battle by some fascination that he could not resist. Death appeared to have no horrors for him. He was past fear; he was literally elate with the combined horrors of battle and death. He took no thoughts of what he was doing.

Harry saw the color-bearer of the enemy pushing directly toward him with a drawn sword. He was a powerful man—a Hercules in stature and strength. His face was maddened and contorted by the horrors of battle. He fixed his glaring eyes upon the youth with a look that told his murderous intention.

"Shoot that color-bearer, Harry," cried old Davy Darrett, as he staggered and fell under the shock of a musket-ball that tore its way through his shoulder.

Harry drew his pistol and fired at the giant Englishman. The ball struck him square in the forehead. A quiver thrilled his great form. The glare of death fell like a cloud upon his face. He was virtually dead, but did not fall. The body continued to advance upon the boy—still obeying the impulse of the will now gone. A red spot appeared on the forehead where the bullet had entered; then the blood spouted out in little jets, the eyes glazed, the muscles relaxed their stony rigidity, and the body fell at the feet of the boy-soldier. Never until his dying-day did Harry forget the awful death-look of that man.

The youth grasped the colors from the bearer's lifeless hand, and at the same instant the orders for a retreat were sounded along the American lines. But the retreat began in disorder, and terminated in a wild panic. The Americans endeavored to rally behind the bank of the creek, but the enemy were so close upon them, and in such overwhelming odds that a stand was impossible, and the defeat became final to the American arms.

Seeing how matters stood, Happy Harry, still clinging to the captured colors, ran for dear life. He soon reached the bank of the creek at a point where the high waters had, at one time, broken across an abrupt bend in the stream, leaving a narrow bank of earth standing out in the stream a few feet from shore. The water had eaten the dirt away from the base of this until its upper edges hung over two or three feet. There was no water at the time within three or four feet of this ridge of

earth. Harry, as he came up, made a leap for this bank, but the distance was too long for him, and he landed at the base of the ridge. A soldier, more successful than he, succeeded in leaping upon it, and just as his feet left it in a bound for the opposite side, tons of the shelving top fell over upon Harry, completely burying him from human eyes!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 301.)

WHO SHALL SAY?

BY LIZZIE DENNY.

Which is better, who shall say,
Starry night or sunlit day,
Light or cloud, smile or tear,
Wedding bell, or funeral bier,
The babe just entering into life,
The maiden gay, or loving wife?

Green fields waving in the wind,
Or decked with men who cut and bind?
Harvest, crowned with golden sheaf,
Autumn, dropping nut and leaf,
Flowers of June, or buds of May,
To sow, or reap, who shall say?

The babbling brook, or frozen rill,
Empty bird-nest, hive grown still,
Leafless wood, or growing blade,
Aged woman, or blushing maid,
Who shall say? Who shall say?
Each is not God's own best way?

Each but helps to meet his plan,
Each an arc of life to span;
I'll dream of the sightless half,
So drops the tear, so rings the laugh,
Till shadows fade, and leave the way
O'erarched with all the light of day.

Persecution, will it pay?
Who shall say? Who shall say?
The agony in Gethsemane,
We feel it o'er and o'er again;
Christ is martyred every day,
Will it pay, who shall say?

Frozen In.
A MATE'S STORY.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

TALK about *this* being a hard winter at sea—why, it isn't a circumstance to the winter of '65. I ought to know something about it. I was cast away twice inside of four months—once in the bark *Wapella*, on the English coast, and the other time in the ship *Harland*, off "Peaked Hill Bar," on the Cape Cod shore.

Yes, sir! Man and boy, I've been following the sea for going on forty year, and never saw anything like it. And what I call the curiousest thing that ever happened in my seafaring life took place in March of the same winter, which it was this.

I got a chance to go mate of an old bark—the *Cheshire*, from New York across to Liverpool, and though I'd met with hard luck a-banging about on the Western ocean, as I told you, I wasn't going to lay idle and wait for better luck, while the wife and little ones was to be looked out for; so off I goes again, only being home about ten days.

We had a good run to the "Banks"—thirteen days, I think, and I'd begun to hope the worst of the winter weather had blowned itself out, but the fourteenth day it come on to howl.

And it *did* blow, for four mortal days. We was grain-loaded, and too deep at that, but we laid to under a little rag of a goose-winged main-top'sl and storm-top'sl, till that blowed away, and then we tried her with a balanced-reefed spanker and fore-topmast stays'l, till that blowed away, and when the wind hauled from N. N. W. to S. E. and blowed harder'n ever, we had to make a run of it under bare poles for forty-eight hours.

Washed everything clean off the deck, swept three men overboard, stove two of our boats, and ripped the bulwarks to flinders clean fore and aft.

The fifth day it began to moderate down a bit, but it was mortal cold, and bending a spare top'sl that morning was the hardest job ever I had a hand in, but somehow we did it.

While we was on the yard some one sung out, "field ice, right ahead!" and, sure enough, come to look as the fog kept lifting, there was hundreds of acres of ice, with now and then a small "berg" coming down onto us.

We wore ship, but it wasn't no use, blowing as it was, and away went the main top'sl, again, and before we could get another one up, we was packed in amongst the floe ice, as tight as a herring in a box.

Cold! The wind chopped round to the northward, and in three hours' time, we was frozen in, and making a drift steady to the northward and north-west, with a three-knot current.

"Bad job," said the "old man"—Cap'n Marsden Sheppard was his name; he belonged somewhere on Cape Cod—just married, too.

We was standing on the quarter when he said this, and I'm free to own that the prospect wasn't very encouraging, as we looked way off to windward and couldn't see anything but solid ice for miles and miles.

"Maybe we'll find the north-west passage," said I, trying to speak cheerful like, all the while feeling my heart sinking like mercury in the thermometer, but Cap'n Sheppard didn't make no answer, and his eyes had a far-off look which I reckon was intended for his wife on Cape Cod.

"There's somethin' in the ice to wind'ard, looks like a vessel!" sung out a sharp-eyed Portugee chap from aloft, of a sudden; and come to get into the main rigging, with our glasses, we made out, sure enough, a brig with her topmast sent down, and she frozen in the same as us.

"You and I will go out to her on the ice," said Cap'n Sheppard, for the men hadn't none too much warm clothes for that climate, and leaving the bark in care of the second mate, we climbed over the side and started out.

It was pretty hard work getting along; the ice was "hummocky" and rough, but the exercise helped to keep us warm, though we was all of two hours a-going three mile, and when we come alongside the brig we was pretty well tuckered out.

"Why," says the old man, as we stood a-looking up to her high poop-deck and her curious build, "this must be the Flying Dutchman"—and I'm free to own, there was something that didn't looked "canny," as the Scotch say, about the old craft. There, in that lone-some froze up region where it was so awful still that your own voice sounded strange—but we climbed aboard.

She was a vessel of about a hundred and fifty tons; her fore'd house was all gone, and we could see it had been cut away, as evident ly everything else that would burn about decks.

"Shall we go below?" says Cap'n Sheppard, sort of hesitating, as he stood by the companion-way.

"Ye-e-s," said I, slowly, for if it hadn't been for the shame of the thing I'd have backed out and started for the bark; but as the cap'n went down the rickety old steps I followed, and in another moment was in her after cabin.

I never'll forget to my dying-day what I

saw there; no more will Cap'n Sheppard, I guess.

There was a little soapstone stove in the middle of the cabin, and crouched round it was two frozen corpses, one of them a woman!

Only that the skin was drawn tight over their faces, and that they was whiter than the driven snow, would you have known that they were dead, unless you'd have gone near to 'em, so well had the cold atmosphere kept the marks of death away from 'em.

The man was dressed, as high as we could make out, in an outlandish rig, with knee-breeches and long woolen socks. He had a full auburn beard and mustache, and on one of his fingers, where his hands was stretched out and froze stiff in that position, was a big seal ring, while just at the base of his thumb was tattooed in injin ink something that Cap'n Sheppard said afterward was the national coat of arms of Germany.

The woman had a bit of fur coat wrapped round her, and was leaning over to the man, and the look of those staring eyes was something awful.

But not a scrap of paper could we find; it seemed as though everything that would burn had been used up, but scratched with some sharp pointed nail or something, on the side of a copper saucepan, was some words that the cap'n said was German, and as near as he could make out it ran, as well as I can remember, like this:

December 1796. — ninety-seven days frozen in. On board brig *Hornstein* from Stuttgart, bound to Vladmir Inlet with supplies for the whaling fleet. Have burned everything to keep warm. Crew all dead, mostly by the cold. My wife is—

That was all; and I suppose that it was the last ever the man wrote.

"For the love of heaven, let us get out of this tomb," said Cap'n Sheppard, with his face as white as a sheet; and glad enough was I when we both stood on deck again. In a little round house aft were two men, sailors, most likely, with their arms round each other, and they, too, as natural as though they'd only died yesterday.

All we took was the saucepan with the writing on it, and when we started back for the bark we didn't make much talk, till we got most alongside, and Cap'n Sheppard says to me:

"We'd better not tell anything about this on board—merely say that it's an old, abandoned brig. God knows whether it may not be our fate to drift round here till—"

He stopped kind of sudden, and I see his eyes had tears in 'em, but he said no more, and we went aboard.

I went below and crawled into my bunk, but I couldn't sleep for thinking of that old German brig that had been drifting about in the ice for almost seventy years. Why, it seemed as though I must have been dreaming, and then, what with thinking of the terrible look in that frozen woman's face, and then remembering of the loving face I'd left to home, I don't mind telling you, sir, the tears ran down my face just as though I was a child, and if ever I prayed, it was then.

Well, sir, about midnight the wind hauled into the south'ard, and blowed up a soft south-east storm, and the next morning the ice was cracking and breaking all round us, but the sea had mostly gone down, so that by noon it began to be clear water; we loosed the sails, and I think the welcomest sound ever I heard in my life, was the water a-bubbling around the old "Cheshire's" bow, as she headed about south-west, and in the distance we made out a line of clear blue water free from ice, which after leaving our plank sheer, and cut-water pretty well splintered up by the loose ice, we reached the next morning.

If ever I thanked God heartily, it was when, a week after, we sighted Cape Sable, and ran into Halifax for repairs.

We made a good run across to Liverpool after all, but coming back to New York, I'm blessed if the old bark didn't spring a leak, and she with salt in bulk—for a cargo—the pumps choked, and we just about had time to get out the boats and shove off 'fore she foundered.

We was five days in the boats with nothing to eat or drink, before we was picked up by the ship "William A. Campbell," and carried into Boston; Cap'n Sheppard is going to sea again next week in the "Nellie Borden," and I'm going with him; so you see, sir, sailors ain't easily discouraged.

The winter fireside! Let the wild winds and fierce storms beat; here we are at our own dear fireside, among the loved ones at home, with the companionship of books, papers and cheerful conversation. It is at the winter home circle that family ties seem closer; then that thought comes to us of the many poor, homeless, houseless beings—God pity them!

It is in the winter time that we realize we must *not* live for ourselves alone. We cannot then fail to admit that the winter brings its colds and consumptions, and many die for want of the mere necessities of life—that the sick yearn for, and absolutely require human sympathy and aid.

True, there are many benevolent societies and institutions, which do a vast deal of good, to ameliorate the sufferings of the poor and the needy, but there are numerous individual cases which these institutions and societies do not, can not reach; they are left for us, my good friends, to attend to; they are, as it were, our mission and our charge—a mission and a charge that we must not neglect, if our own dear fireside is just to itself.

Cold, cold indeed is the season of frost, and ice, and snow, yet colder are those hearts that lock themselves up from the cries of their less fortunate brothers and sisters—who hear, but will not answer the calls and pleadings for assistance—who are deaf and callous to others' pains, sufferings, and anguish. We can all do a little, some but a trifle, yet these, added together, will produce great results. The giving of a meal, the giving of fuel to

A FRIENDLY VISITOR.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

He came into my sanctum here
And took my cordiest chair;
I think he never washed his face
And never combed his hair.
He split upon my carpet there,
And when he calmly sighed
I found his breath with onion scent
Was strongly fortified.

He talked about the present taste
For literature and pork;
He bored me with the news abroad,
And doling in New York;
He took my paper and he read
What I had seen before,
The markets and the notices
This man did not pass o'er.

He reached my latest manuscript,
And overturned my ink;
And made some alterations with
A hand that shook from drink;
He reached and took a fine cigar,
And begged me for a match,
And here upon my rosewood desk
He made this awful scratch.

He stood upon that velvet chair
With very muddy shoes,
And scanned those pictures on the wall
And vented on his views;
He took my books, and upside down
He put them back again;
He read some letters on my desk
And thought the writing plain.

He reached and took my handkerchief
And blew his dirty nose;
He said he thought a rhymist's room
A nice place for repose,
The drawers he opened in my desk,
And thought it very neat;
He drank my sherry in the glass
And thought it very sweet.

He slapped me blandly on the back
And took my button-hole,
And told me everything he knew
In a regular rigmarole;
He scratched my finger with his heel,
He filled my heart with pain;
He borrowed fifty cents of me,
And said he'd call again.

Love, the Glorifier.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

THE pretty girl with eager butterfly face,
So full of ambitious longing, so impatient
Of the dull, monotonous course in which her
life ran, was Tessa Archer. Little wonder
that she was possessed of a "restless familiar"
when this visit to Elston Cottage was like a
rift of sunshine on a dark day, a break in
the routine of distasteful duty by which she
earned her daily bread—earned it faithfully
and well if there were times when her very
soul seemed to rise in revolt against her hard
lot.

Lou Fairleigh, meeting her in the doorway,
hurried her up to the cozy front chamber
where a bright fire was burning and a knot of
clove pinks in a bed of green gave out a spicy
fragrance on the air.

"Oh, Lou! You darling! how glad I am to
see you. I'm next thing to frozen stiff."

"Let me take off your gloves, dear. I
made auntie Elston give you this room because
it is the prettiest one in the house, and I'm to
share it when she doesn't keep me with herself.
She says she wants the good of me when I am
here for awhile. Have you got anything new?"

"Nothing but a Bismarck poplin, and oh!
how I did have to skimp on cream candies and
ribbons to manage it. Mrs. Montworth offered
me one of her old silks, a green and blue plaid,
Lou, three inches in the bar. I declined it
with thanks, and she said to be sure I wouldn't
need to dress so much in a little place like El-
stonville. As if I ever had anything or saw
anybody at home."

"Well, you'll have the chance here," said
Lou, consolingly. "Auntie always fills the
house when Mark and I come. Mark is stay-
ing at the Lake House this time because an
old crowd of his is there."

"Isn't it odd that I've never seen your brother,
Lou? He wasn't at home, you know, that
dear old summer when I spent the vacation
with you. It was my last holiday, and I've
never set eyes on you since. Sweet, aren't
they?"

The pretty straight nose went down to sniff
the pinks in their emerald bed.
"Mark got them for me this morning.
There were nothing else but camellias and he
says he prefers flowers as he does women—
sweet rather than beautiful. Shall I help you
to unpack now? Oh, Tessa! that Irish poplin
is as handsome as silk any day. I haven't got
a thing nicer myself."

"I'll have to keep it for the grand occasions,
you know. Tell me what to wear to-night.
There's my garnet merino, you'll recognize it
as an old acquaintance, next best except a
black mohair, and black is so common."

"But in good taste always. The garnet, by
all means. You needn't change for an hour
yet. Come down and see auntie first, if you're
thawed out. Who knows but you may make
a conquest in the old merino yet! Only last
night Fred Morse said he adored garnet."

"Who's he?"
"Mark's crony. He's immensely wealthy,
and tired of the world, I believe. I don't
know what else should bring him here." A
little flush which the other did not notice
tinged her cheek as she said it. "Here we
are. This is Tessa, auntie, dear."

"Auntie dear" put out a thin, transparent
hand. She was slowly dying of an incurable
disease, but she did not let the knowledge mar
her life's usefulness.

"It was good of you to come," she said,
smiling brightly. "Lou has rhapsodized of
you so much I should have been disappointed
if you had not."

It was a way Miss Elston had of making the
favors she conferred appear like favors done
herself, and in this case as usual it had the
desired result. It put Tessa entirely at her ease.
She was such a bright, winsome little thing
when she escaped from her one serious
failing, discontent, that time flew in the pleas-
ant apartment which did not appear in the
least like a sickroom. Miss Elston gave a lit-
tle exclamation of surprise at last.

"Six o'clock, and yonder come our gentle-
men ready for their tea. You two have just
time to run up and smooth your hair first."

A voice singing barcaroles reached them on
the stairway.

"That is Di Hunt," said Lou, with an accent
of disgust. "She lolls in her room and reads
French novels all day when we are alone, but
makes killing toasts and brings all her graces
out to air for the evenings. First she tried to
captivate Mark—she does him the honor of
thinking him a genius, you see—and since she
failed to succeed there she is doing her best to
draw in Fred Morse. He has a passion for
music, and she knows it. She really has a
good voice, and her playing is tolerable, but
one hears nothing else from the time he comes
until he goes again. It makes me sick."

"Lou, this is the very first time I ever knew
you to be uncharitable."

Miss Fairleigh turned to a front window.
"Come here and take a peep, Tessa. Tell me
what you think of Mark."

The two young men were lingering on the
broad walk leading up from the gate, presuma-
bly admiring the fading sunset, possibly held
by the merits of the excellent cigars they were
smoking.

"He doesn't look like you, but I should have
known he was your brother without the tell-
ing. Two such happy-looking persons couldn't
exist outside one family anywhere in a town-
ship."

"Do you think so?" doubtfully. "All people
don't. One day when he was driving me we
had an upset, were mused up terribly and
bruised a little, and at the place where we
stopped to get put to rights again the woman
took him for my husband. I asked her why
she thought so. 'Faix, it's aisy to see ye're
akin, an' what wud ye! Wid he so lowerin'
an' ye so blithe it's man an' wife ye'll be, I'm
thinkin'.' I'm glad, though; I did hope you
would like him."

"Better than I do the other one. I wish
Miss Hunt joy of her conquest if she secures
that knight of the sorrowful countenance. I
never could endure those saturnine nonentities
such as he looks to be. It's a pity Mark is
your brother, Lou; you ought to marry him.
Such a handsome couple as you two would
make!"

There was a comprehending light in Lou's
clear eyes, a little amused smile curved the
corners of her mouth, but she said nothing.
When they descended to the parlor, and the
gentlemen were duly brought up and pre-
sented to Tessa, she understood their meaning,
for the ceremony which introduced Mark Fair-
leigh brought the saturnine individual she had
criticized before her.

"Why didn't you tell me?" she whispered,
as Lou paused near her presently. "I'm so
mortified. I always am making blunders, it
appears."

"Never mind. One must take time to dis-
cover Mark's good qualities. It is because I
know them so well, I suppose, that he never
looks plain to me." She glanced across at him
fondly—a glance which the other saw—and
impulsively exclaimed:

"Oh, Lou! I do wish I had your faculty of
glorifying objects. If I had I wouldn't find
the Montworths so utterly uncongenial, nor
hate teaching their stupid children and doing
the dusting and fine sewing as I do. I believe
I would be happier if I were not so hopelessly
in love with beautiful things. Why, I should
not care for you as I do if you were less hand-
some than you are."

Lou laughed. "My dear Tessa! 'handsome
is as handsome does.' You'll find the truth of
it some day. Who knows but this 'season of
your discontent' is given to make you more
appreciative in the end?"

"If it be appreciative of practical drudgery,
I never want to become so," said Tessa, gaily.
"I'd rather be unhappy all my life than
to look forward to nothing better."

Mark had drawn nearer without her observ-
ing it, and her last words were plainly audible
to him. Lou was annoyed. She had hoped
that these two, so dear to her, might be favor-
ably impressed with each other, and she saw
plainly enough that their acquaintance was
beginning with a prejudice in the mind of
each. Her disappointment imbued her with a
tinge of malice, and she managed to leave them
tete a tete a moment after.

"This insignificant man beautiful Lou's
brother! I can hardly believe it," thought
Tessa. She never applied that adjective to
him again. During their desultory conver-
sation she discovered that a pair of fine eyes
beamed his otherwise plain, strong-featured
face, and Fred Morse could have told her that
his form, though slender and of only medium
height, possessed well-knit muscle and athletic
skill which no man of his acquaintance would
have called insignificant.

After that beginning it is not surprising that
they got on but slowly. Mark thought his
sister's friend rather a frivolous creature, given
to vanities if not to vanity, light and superfi-
cial and changeable, but charming despite all.
In time she won upon him imperceptibly. He
discovered by degrees that she was not shal-
low, that she was sweet and attractive and in-
telligent, but she was the furthest from his
ideal woman. We know Tessa's thoughts.
Fred Morse, big and blonde and handsome, was
very much more to her liking. Besides, houses
and lands, horses and carriages, the splendors
and pleasures of the world, were at
Fred's disposal, and had not Tessa laughingly
declared that these things would reconcile her
to a Caliban? But Fred made no proposals to
be received as her lover. He was attentive,
but then he was not neglectful of even Miss
Hunt. He was what is called a ladies' man,
and he paid the customary adulation to the
sex with an impartiality which was beautiful
to witness. With Lou alone he was more re-
served, less flippant, but even she came in for
some share of his complimentary addresses.

Miss Hunt was statuesque, accomplished and
inane, but she appeared in heart-breaking
toilets, at which Lou laughed, while Tessa's
heart swelled with almost envy. She made an
outcry one evening while Diana walked into
Miss Elston's room, enveloped in a sheen of
silver-blue moire, with the pallid gleam of
Oriental pearls upon her throat and in her hair.

"Oh, you fortunate girl! Do you know if
you were a female Mephistopheles tempting
me to ruin you couldn't take a surer way? I
break the commandments every time I see you
in a new dress. I'd sell my soul for such pearls
and diamonds as you wear, if such bargains
were made nowadays."

Diana opened her eyes. "You reckless
child!" cried Lou, reprovingly, while Miss El-
ston smiled, though there was something wist-
ful in her glance, resting upon the bright face
of the young girl.

"You have only seen one side of such things
—their beauty, not their uselessness. Since
you are fond of them I will show you some-
thing which I think may please you. Bring
me that lacquered box from the bureau,
please."

"May I come in, or are only ladies allowed
at this entertainment?"
"Oh, it's you; come in, then. Don't you
think Mark has the merit of honesty to an
alarming extent, auntie? Any other man
would have played eavesdropper at the door-
way, and we need have been none the wiser."

Mark winced, but no one noticed it. The
truth was he had come there close in Miss
Hunt's wake. Miss Elston unlocked the box
with a key attached to her chataleine. There
was a rapturous "Oh!" from Tessa, and a sur-
prised, "Why, auntie?"

"You did not know I was the possessor of
such princely baubles, Lou. The truth is, I
very seldom think of them myself. You have
heard me speak of cousin Lucy's bequest, have
you not?"

Miss Fairleigh nodded, and the wonderment
died from her face. But Tessa Archer gazed
as if she were feasting her soul upon the sight.
There were pale pearls in luminous strings,
rubies blazing with imprisoned fires, rings,
necklaces and bracelets, all tossed in a careless,
shining heap.

"How lovely! how lovely!" cried Tessa,
fading voice. "Why, they must be worth a
mint of money. I wonder you are not afraid
of being robbed, Miss Elston." The lady smiled
as she opened a tiny case, against the velvet
lining of which a pair of diamond pendants
flashed like concentrated, iridescent light.

"Oh!" cried Tessa once more. "Diamonds
—purest water diamonds are the realization of
the dream of my life. Talk about selling my
soul! I would do more, I would sell myself.
I would marry any man for just such diamond
ear-rings as those." As she said it she met
the glance of Mark Fairleigh's eyes; a glance
quickly withdrawn, but it impressed her curi-
ously.

"Yet these very ear-rings lost my cousin
Fanny the only lover she ever had, or ever
cared to have."

"How was that, Miss Elston?"
"I must tell you first that they are the
only things of intrinsic value here. All the
rest," she stirred the glittering mass with her
wasted hand as she spoke, "are only clever
imitations."

"Miss Elston!" a shocked cry.
"It is true, but they are just as pretty to
my eye as the real gems. Cousin Fanny had
some such consuming passion for beautiful or-
naments as gratifying it, except in this way.
She found ways and means of becoming the
possessor of excellent imitations, but she was
not satisfied. Like you, she had a longing for
diamonds, real diamonds, and when grand
father Elston left her a little legacy she at
once invested it in the ear-rings you see. That
piece of extravagance frightened away her
lover. He probably thought that a woman
who had such an ungovernable mania was not
apt to make a good and prudent wife. I only
wanted to show you that there is not always
the happiness in possession that you imagine,
Tessa."

"She had a right to do what she pleased
with her money. I think she made a fortune-
escape, if he judged her by that. As if
one could not have diamonds, and yet be will-
ing to sacrifice them if it was needful."
"Happily, you and I are not called upon to
make such sacrifices, Tessa," said Lou. "I am
satisfied to let the responsibility rest with for-
tunate possessors like auntie and Di."

"Boast while you may, young lady. Tessa
has opened my eyes to one danger I never
thought of before. Those ear-rings cost five
hundred dollars when that sum was worth
more than it is now. There is an inducement
for burglars, and if I should lose them there's
not a mark I could recognize them by. I'll
have them reset and give them to you for a
wedding present, Lou."

They all went into the parlor where guests
were expected presently, and on the way Lou,
who had her arm about her friend's waist, held
her back.

"That was a random remark of auntie's,
but I want to tell you, Tessa—I am going to
marry Fred."

"Yes, dear. He has wanted it this long
time, but I never would consent until I was
sure—sure he could withstand such charms as
yours and Di's."

"You darling! As if there could be any
comparison with yours."

But as she saw the happy shining light in
the other's eyes, the fluttering, emotional color,
she repressed a sigh. How sweet love was!
She was beginning to feel that life's possibili-
ties were nobler than she had once thought
them.

The evening was almost over when Miss
Elston beckoned her and said:
"I have a growing conviction on me that I
came away and left that trinket-box un-
locked. Here is the key. Will you be so kind
as to remedy my carelessness?"

On the threshold of the chamber which was
lit only by the low flicker of the fire, she
paused and recoiled with an involuntary cry.
A dark form within started and advanced to-
ward her, and she smiled at her fright as she
recognized Mark. She could see that he was
pale and agitated, but she was not prepared
for what came. Putting a hand upon each of
her shoulders he looked into her face.

"You said you would marry any man who
could give you such diamonds, Tessa. Would
you marry me for them?"
"No."

He passed her without another word, stag-
gering, she remembered afterward, like a
drunken man.

She wondered what he could have meant as
she fitted the key in the box. Mark Fairleigh,
she was well aware, was no more able to make
presentiments of diamonds than herself. Some im-
pulse prompted her to lift the lid, and a wave
of indescribable horror went over her as she
saw that the box was empty—empty of artifi-
cial and true gems alike. How long she
stood there she never knew. Mark's presence
there, his agitation, what Miss Elston had said
of not being able to identify the stones should
they be taken, all flashed into her mind.

"Oh, how could he! how could he!" she
cried to herself, wringing her hands. "Why
couldn't he know that I did not mean it! What
he must have thought me! what I must think
of him!"

She was shivering when she recovered her-
self enough to creep away, but never noticed
that a side window stood wide open.

"So you were going to 'fold your tents
like the Arabs and as silently steal away.'
Why, Tessa?"

"I am ashamed to tell you why, Mark."
"Never mind; somebody has been before
you with the tale. And you really thought
me a thief in the night; thought I had stolen
aunt Elston's diamonds as a step toward your
favor. Upon my word, you did me honor and
yourself something less than justice, let me
hope."

"I felt as guilty myself as I thought you,"
humbly.

"Then you have surely been punished
enough, poor child. Do you know what really
did happen? Have they respected my
wishes enough to let me be the one to tell it?"

"I have never thought to ask since I knew
you were hurt, Mark."

"Good child! It was finding me stretched
out insensible which changed your mind about
that clandestine departure, wasn't it? You
see, after Fred whispered a secret to aunt
Elston she called me back to her room for a
confab." She said as Lou had done so
well and couldn't possibly have a reasonable
wish in her life ungratified, she had got a plan
in her kind old head. Lou didn't care for the
ear-rings, you did, and if I could persuade you
to take them and me with them—how sharp
she was, Tessa, to know my wish—all would
be right. She talked of doing what she could
for me, and when I said a young, strong fellow
ought to get along by his own endeavors, she
stopped me saying she would not be spared
much longer and she would rather we shared
with her while she did live. It touched me,
dear, and when she left me with the jewels in

my hand, I sat still looking at them and think-
ing of what might be. Oddly enough, you
had been speaking of robbers, and it transpires
that one must have been hidden in or near
that room all the while. The first thing I
knew a hand closed down and tried to wrest
the diamonds away from me; I resisted, then
a hot, piercing pain cut through my side, the
stroke of a weapon. I turned faint and caught
at a tall chairback to support myself, and the
next thing I saw clearly was you, Tessa, at the
door. I know I spoke, and after that I knew
nothing very distinctly; it ended in my faint-
ing at the top of the stairs, from loss of blood,
I suppose. I do remember that you refused
to marry me for the diamonds, but now that
they are gone irrevocably—"

"I shall be glad to marry you for yourself,
Mark."

"And how about saturnine nonentities?" queried
Lou, later.

"I didn't know him then. I do now, and
to my eyes there is not a nobler or hand-
somer—yes, handsomer! man in existence to-
day."

"Then love is a wonderful glorifier."
And it is, for Tessa's old-time longings
have all been set at rest.

ONE CRIME.

BY F. FERGUSON.

She is sitting where the gleaming of the ruddy
glowing embers
Falls crimson on the glory of her golden-flowing
hair,
And her face has all the pain of one who some old
pains remembers.

While the twilight shadows gather and grow deep-
er everywhere,
A faded letter, fallen from her listless grasp, is
lying.

All crushed, and blurred with tears, and dim with
time, upon the floor;
And a rose that once has trembled at the glorious
June-breath's sighing,
Lies beside it, dead and scentless, pale and bloom-
less evermore.

Outside, amid the darkness, where the autumn
wind is wailing,
A wanderer, faint and weary, moans out sadly in
the night.

As he gazes through the lattice, with an anguish
unavailing,
At the woman sitting silent in the fitful dreamy
light.

Far away her thoughts have drifted, to a crimson
sunset falling
In a blaze of dazzling glory over forest, vale and
lea;

And tender words and tender tones her memory is
recalling,
And a parting in the twilight by a green-clad
trysting-tree.

And she stoops and lifts the letter and the faded
flower together,
And on both her burning tears fall thick and fast
as April's rain;

For the rose has known the sunlight, and the girl
life's summer weather,
And to neither can the glory that has vanished
come again.

Well he knows that letter's story of a crime that
still must sever
Two loving hearts that burned and beat and quiv-
ered with one flame—

One rash, wild, bitter deed that lies a barrier for-
ever
Betwixt all hope of love and home and friends
and name and fame!

How strange is life! For constant vice may flourish
in gold and amber;
One crime may end in agony to all the world un-
known—

A woman's weary weeping in the silence of her
chamber—
A broken spirit's wailing in the starless night
alone!

Saved by a Life.

AN INCIDENT OF THE SIEGE OF BOONESBORO.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

THE second investment, by the Indians, of
Boonesboro, had fully commenced.

The savages, burning with a desire to wipe
out their former disgraceful repulse, besides
being actuated by their usual thirst for blood
and longing for scalps, had gathered their
forces closely about the little stockade, and
appeared fully determined to wipe it from the
face of the earth.

The appearance of the Indians about the
post had been so sudden—not the slightest warn-
ing of their approach having been received by
the settlers—that the inmates were, to a great
extent, unprovided for a long or determined
siege. Their principal want was ammunition,
the supply in hand being limited, especially
powder. And all felt that, unless that neces-
sary could be procured, the post must certainly
fall.

An hour after the investment a group of
anxious-looking men were assembled in the
main room of one of the largest cabins. They
had met to devise some means by which the
fort could be held until aid could be summoned
from some of the adjacent stockades.

The project was, at best, a dark one. And
these strong, hardy men, inured to danger of
every kind, trembled and grew pale when they
thought of what the coming night might bring
forth. The discussion was brief and to the
point. Some one must be found who would
undertake to penetrate through the Indian
lines and secure assistance, or else return with
a supply of powder.

It would not do to fail. He who undertook
the task must succeed, and hence the difficulty
in selecting the proper person. Boone himself
could not be spared from the defense, and, un-
fortunately, neither Kenton, Wetzel, or Ben
McClung were in the fort.

But there was one whom many thought was
equal to the emergency. It was the youngest
son of the last named of the three great scouts,
Ben McClung, or Young Ben, as he was called
to distinguish him from his gallant father.

But then, he had just returned only three
days before from a long captivity with these
same Indians who were now besieging the post,
and all knew that if he fell into their hands
their utmost ingenuity would be taxed to tor-
ture him in revenge for his having escaped.

Possessing the most wonderful skill as a woods-
man, strong and active to a degree seldom
seen even among those hardy men, fleet-footed
as a deer, and brave without, he was unques-
tionably the proper person for the emergency.

But they shrank from subjecting the young
man to the trial while even yet the marks of
thongs were fresh upon his limbs. And, al-
though he had offered his services the instant
it was known that such were required, they
had generously declined to accept them.

But now time pressed. None other, save
Boone himself, was competent. And it had
now to be decided which of the two should go.

It was finally decided that the honor should
be McClung's, and a messenger was sent to in-
form the young man.

He was found beside the fair young girl who

had promised to be his wife only a month
hence, but without a sigh of regret that any
could see, he arose and prepared for the desper-
ate undertaking. With the kiss of his affianced
warm upon his lips, and his words of encour-
agement fresh in his ear, he went out to almost
certain death.

The night came on dark and stormy, though
no rain fell, and shortly after it had grown
dark young McClung crept out at the small
gate fronting the river, and, noiselessly drop-
ping into the water, swam to the other side of
the stream and entered the forest. Here his
difficulties and dangers really began.

Step by step McClung felt his way through
the dense undergrowth, here skirting a clearing
in which he could faintly distinguish the
forms of his enemies, and there creeping upon
his face like a serpent past some drowsy senti-
nel, who, never dreaming of such daring, nod-
ded and slept upon his post.

For more than a hundred yards the young
scout had thus progressed, and his heart was
already elated with the prospect of success,
when, suddenly, with a slight warning,
he found himself face to face with what, in
the thick darkness, he took to be an Indian
warrior.

There was no time for deliberation. An-
other instant and the dread yell of alarm
would ring through the forest.

With the quick, sure leap of the panther,
McClung threw himself upon the Indian,
grappling his throat with fingers of steel, and
raising the keen blade, held ready in hand for
such an emergency, to deal the blow that
would insure silence upon the part of his foe.
What stayed the arm of the scout he knew
not. Perhaps it was that the struggles of his
opponent were so much less violent than might
have been looked for, or it may have been
that the throat his fingers encircled was far
more delicate and soft to touch than that of
warriors generally, or still, it may have been
one of those inward warnings or intuitions
which sometimes manifest themselves without
apparent cause.

Be that as it may, the blow did not fall; the
knife did, however, and dropped with a slight
rattle among the leaves under foot, while with
the disengaged hand, McClung drew his cap-
tive to where a rift in the leaves overhead
permitted a little light to come down.

A quick, sharp look was enough, and sud-
denly loosening his hold upon the throat, he
whispered something in the Indian's ear.

Without replying, the Indian girl, for such
McClung had discovered his captive to be, si-
lently pointed off through the forest, and tak-
ing McClung by the hand, noiselessly led him
in the indicated direction. For ten minutes
they made their way without encountering an
enemy, and finally the girl paused beneath the
overhanging branches of a great elm where
the darkness was more intense than elsewhere.
Here, for several minutes, the two conversed,
the girl finally leaving the scout and disap-
pearing in the bushes.

She was gone something more than an hour
and when she returned she bore a bundle of
considerable size in her arms.

This proved to be the complete outfit of an
Indian warrior, and in a few minutes Mc-
Clung had transformed himself in such man-
ner as to defy the closest scrutiny.

His own garments were concealed in a hol-
low log near at hand, and then, bidding his
strange companion adieu, he renewed his jour-
ney in comparative security.